The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1914.

Summary of the News

Rumors of impending mediation in the European struggle by this country cropped up last week and accounts of them probably inspired a statement in the semi-official London *Westminster Gazette* on Friday, reiterating the determination of England not to be content with a drawn war. That these various reports of the intention of the Administration again to offer its services as mediator in the conflict were rumor pure and simple needed no demonstration to any intelligent person. Nevertheless it is perhaps as well that explicit denial has been made of them by Acting Secretary of State Lansing, who, in a statement given out on Saturday, declared them to be wholly without foundation and warned the public against accepting similar reports in the future unless they should come from official sources.

The death on Saturday of King Charles, of Rumania, increases the uncertainty of the situation in that country. According to current report, which, in this instance, is likely to have at the bottom of it a residuum of truth, the dynastic Hohenzollern sympathies of the late King have inclined him in the war to favor the cause of Germany, while public opinion in Rumania has been almost unanimously on the Russian side. Rumania, like Italy, looks to the break-up of Austria-Hungary for the redemption of its kin from a foreign rule and the Russian offer of Bukowina and Transylvania, as the price of joining the Allies and the reward of ultimate victory, is tempting. The Crown Prince Ferdinand, who succeeds to the throne, does not, it is generally assumed, share the late King's Hohenzollern prejudices, and the fact that his wife, an able woman, is an English princess, a daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, may be supposed to incline his sympathies further to the side of the Allies. That Rumania will forthwith embrace the earliest opportunity to enter the war, as some of the dispatches from Europe imply, is not, however, to be credited for a moment. The tradition of Rumanian statesmanship is eminently cautious—it has been called opportunist—and the project of adding another blaze in the Balkans to the general European conflagration is not one that will be rashly undertaken.

The attitude of Rumania, as we have noted before, is likely to be largely determined by that of Italy. In that country there appears to have occurred something not unlike a ministerial crisis, if we may believe the somewhat meagre reports of resignations and threatened resignations that have reached us. The Marquis di San Giuliano, despite a critical condition of health (as we write his death is said to be expected momentarily), has patriotically stuck to his post throughout the European crisis,and has been the most important influence in the Cabinet on the side of peace; but the resignation of the Minister of War, Gen. Grandi, following that of his Under-Secretary, was announced on October 9, and is stated to have been due to press criticism of the administration of his Department, particularly in the matter of supplies and equipment. He has been succeeded by Gen. Zupelli, a native of an Austrian province. Following on the announcement of this appointment comes the news that the veteran troops which have been in Tripoli and Cyrenaica since the war with Turkey, are to be brought home. As we write currency is given also to rumors of other impending resignations, and the Premier, Signor Salandra, has for some time been the target of severe criticism in a certain section of the press on account of the inactive policy of the Government. The general situation in Italy, however, need not be regarded as having undergone any definite change. If there is a "war" party there is also undoubtedly a very strong "peace" party in the country, and there is no good reason to suppose that Italy intends, for the present at any rate, to swerve from her attitude of neutrality.

According to statements made by President Wilson to callers last week, satisfactory assurances have been received from Japan regarding the recent attacks on German possessions in the Pacific. The seizure by the Japanese Pacific squadron of the island of Yap is explained as only part of the development of the general plan to seize all the German naval stations in the Pacific. This is regarded as necessary to terminate the activities of the German cruisers which have inflicted serious injury upon British commerce.

The War Revenue bill, as perfected by the Democratic caucus of the Senate, was favorably reported by the Finance Committee on Thursday of last week, and debate on it was begun in the Senate the following day. It is expected that the bill will be passed by the end of the week, and, with the Alaskan bill held up, it is probable that this will be the last business transacted by Congress before adjournment.

Final action was taken by Congress on the Clayton Anti-Trust bill on October 8, when the conference report on the measure was adopted in the House by a vote of 244 to 54. The passage of this measure, which had been before Congress since April 14, marks the completion of the Administration's anti-Trust legislative programme for this session.

According to dispatches from Washington on Tuesday, Governor Ammons, of Colorado, is engaged on plans for the reorganization of the State militia, in order that the Federal troops at present on duty in the region affected by the coal strike may be relieved. Up to the present the efforts made by the President to induce the mine operators to accept the settlement already adopted by the miners have been fruitless.

It is with a particular sense of pleasure that we take note of the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Brown University. The observances in connection with the anniversary of this honorable and useful institution began on Sunday and conclude to-day (Thursday), when the University awards honorary degrees to several of its guests. Among those on the programme of speakers are Associate Justice Charles E. Hughes, of the United States Supreme Court, and Vice-Chancellor William Peterson, of McGill University.

As we have noted previously in other columns, no aspect of the war has been more inspiring to those who, like ourselves, welcomed the generous policy adopted by the Liberal Government in England towards the South African colonies than the loyalty of the Union to the Empire in the present crisis expressed through the mouth of its Premier, General Botha. It is with the more regret, therefore, that we have to record the official announcement made at Capetown on Tuesday that a command under Colonel Maritz had rebelled in the northwest of the Cape provinces. Martial law has been proclaimed throughout the Union, and, though few details are available as we write, it is probably safe to assume that the disaffection, which has been fostered from German sources, will not be widespread.

The situation in Mexico remains as confused and perplexing as ever. A fair idea of the difficulty of venturing any statement as to the real status of affairs is given by dispatches published in Tuesday's papers. In the news from Washington on that day we learned that hopeful reports had been received concerning the conference in progress at Aguas Calientes, which met on Saturday, and particular emphasis was laid on the fact that not only were General Carranza and General Villa represented, but that General Zapata had also sent three delegates. On the same page dispatches from Mexico City informed us that the city had been thrown into a panic through attacks on the suburbs by adherents of Emiliano Zapata. The confusing thing is that these two dispatches are not necessarily in any way conflicting. Some reassurance, however, is afforded by the news that after creating a disturbance the Zapatistas agreed to suspend further fighting until after the termination of the conference.

Meanwhile the Administration has taken occasion to restate its attitude of neutrality, and to make it clear that no recognition will be accorded to any Government until more stable conditions shall have been established. The United States Government has also demanded from General Carranza an answer to the questions put to him some time ago, when the matter of withdrawing the troops from Vera Cruz was first considered, relative to the taxes collected at that port by the United States, and to the protection of foreigners and refugees. General Villa added to the perplexities of the situation at the end of last week by issuing his own particular "white paper," in which he asserted the existence of a mysterious secret agreement between himself and Carranza which, had it been observed, would have had the effect of depriving the latter of everything except the barren honor of "First Chief of the Constitutionalists."

The deaths of the week include: Richard Lockhart Hand, Brig. Gen. Edgar R. Kellogg, October 7; Prof. Richard Meyer, October 8; Col. Jeffrey Hale Burland, October 9; King Charles of Rumania, Cardinal Domenico Ferrata, October 10; Arthur Weld, October 11; Oliver F. Lyford, October 12.

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The Week

The official Belgian statement given out in Washington last week, dealing with the violation of Belgium's neutrality, is one of the most illuminating documents issued since the war began. Admirable in tone and substance, it cannot fail to convince any one whose mind is open to reason. We wish it might be placed in the hands of every German, but as it appears in the *Staats-Zeitung* only in abbreviated form, as "Belgium's Pleading," it will hardly have much circulation even among German-Americans. For one thing, it effectually disposes of the German pretension, officially uttered by the Chancellor, that France was ready to invade Belgium; and shows that, had the Belgians not taken up arms to protect themselves, they would have been false to their own pledges of neutrality. As for the German assertions that automobiles carrying French officers had entered Belgian territory; that French officers had been training Belgian troops and helped to man their forts, etc., not one scrap of real evidence has ever been submitted by the Germans. The delay in getting any French troops into Belgium is itself proof of the absurdity of the charge that they were massed on the border ready to cross the Belgian line. It is not surprising, therefore, that even so ardent a partisan as the *Frankfurter Zeitung* has recently suggested, very mildly and diplomatically, that it would be well for the German Government to bring out its proofs of this alleged conspiracy between French and Belgians.

When the Duke of Wellington was once told that he would live longer in popular memory for the beautiful style of his dispatches than for his victories in battle, he replied: "Yes, I didn't think Gurwood had it in him." Now another illusion is shattered in the announcement that the author of Sir John French's remarkable dispatches from the seat of war is not Sir John himself, but a Col. Swinton, probably Col. Edward D. Swinton. This the War Office itself admits. Thus does history repeat itself. Lord Roberts's South African dispatches were also not his own, but the work of a gifted subordinate, Lieut.-Col. H. V. Cowen, of the Royal Horse Artillery, whose merits were not so obvious as to have prevented his remaining for seventeen years in the grade of major before Lord Roberts chose him as an aide. So remarkable and so thrilling was the first dispatch from Sir John French telling of the wonderful English retreat from Mons that it was freely hailed as an imperishable contribution to the history of war and to literature itself, and it was thought that the British commander had added himself to those other great generals like Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, who have made their mark as writers as well as soldiers. But the honors this time are plainly not Sir John's, but Col. Swinton's.

We know little of the personality of the new King of Rumania to serve as a basis for speculation with regard to his influence on the country's position in the great war. We do know that the new King is in his fiftieth year, and that no youthful impulses will enter into the shaping of his policy. In other columns the moral effect of the fall of Antwerp is discussed. Among the most important moral effects of a victory is the influence it exerts upon nations wavering on the narrow edge of neutrality. The reasons that might impel Rumania to cast in her fortunes with the Allies are what they were at the beginning of the war: her aspirations for Austrian Transylvania, with a large Rumanian population; her connection with Servia, by which Rumania, during the second Balkan war, won a large slice of Bulgarian territory without firing a shot; the fear that, in case of an Allied victory without Rumania's participation, it will be Russia who will come into the inheritance of the Rumanic territory under Hapsburg rule. On the other hand, the penalty of intervention for the Allies followed by an Austro-German triumph is bound to be so drastic that the neutral nations, and Rumania among them, will probably continue to watch and wait until the tide sets definitely in one direction.

The War Tax bill has been altered in many points by the Senate Democrats, and of the changes two stand out as so obviously commendable that they call for special notice. One is the putting of an added tax on whiskey, for the omission of which subject of taxation from the House measure it is difficult to find a creditable explanation. The emergency tax on spirits is expected to yield $5,000,000, and there is certainly no good reason why whiskey should not contribute to the required revenue as well as beer. The other improvement we have in mind is the striking out of the tax on brokers. This was a proposal about as ill-judged and inequitable as can be imagined, the class thus singled out being one that suffers more distinctly and more seriously from the break-up of business by the war than almost any that can be named. When the bill leaves the Senate, it will probably be found that it has been made much better than it was when it left the House—not to speak of the queer errors of judgment of which the House committee was guilty in its first attempts.

The New York *World* asks us why money rates should be ruling so high in this country, when, as the London *Times* reports, three months' bills in Lombard Street are going at 3 per cent. and "the abundance of credit has been very marked." The London *Economist* answers this question in its statement, regarding these same London rates, that "the easy conditions are purely artificial." In this it refers to the fact that the load of foreign bills in the hands of London banks, non-negotiable because of the war embargo, have by a very unusual recourse been guaranteed by the British Exchequer and discounted at the Bank of England. This obviously left the joint-stock banks free to utilize their resources in the ordinary discount market, with the assurance that no claim would be made on them, for a considerable period, to meet the heavy liabilities incurred through these foreign bills. This, moreover, is only one phase of the London moratorium. American banks are meeting a similarly difficult situation without a moratorium, without a Government guarantee of their non-negotiable loans, and with the further handicap of providing for a heavy maturing indebtedness to foreign markets, which does not exist in the case of England.

A commendable and unusual vigilance is shown by the action of the Post Office Department in its sharp scrutiny of the use of the Congressional frank by three Maine Congressmen—Representatives Hinds, Peters, and Guernsey. An important part of the campaign by which they have just obtained reëlection was the distribution of a pamphlet containing excerpts from the *Congressional Record*, in such numbers that the bill for ordinary postage would reach $1,000. Its "frankability" is doubted on three grounds: the Postmaster-General is unable to ascertain that all its contents are correct reproductions from the *Record*, the heading of one speech is stated to be misleading, and there has been interpolated before another an explanatory note of partisan character. It is to be hoped that the case will be pushed, if only to demonstrate the Department's determination to hew to the line in enforcing the franking law. If it can be proved, it will be remarkable chiefly as convicting the Representatives of a piece of stupid management.

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Secretary Garrison's allotment of the $20,000,000 appropriated by Congress for rivers and harbors improvement will disappoint many localities—among them New York, which must still tolerate the Coenties Reef in the East River. But this was inevitable, and the allotment provides for the wisest expenditure upon waterways development the country has yet seen. The Mississippi River receives $5,000,000, as against $8,500,000 in 1913, and about the same sum ($6,650,000 for work below Cairo) in 1912; an amount that will permit the maintenance of existing projects. The Ohio River receives $1,750,000, as against $1,800,000 in current appropriations, with the authorization of further contracts to cost $3,200,000, in 1913. The Columbia, where extensive jetties are being undertaken, has the same sum which it was allowed last year—$1,000,000; while the Hudson, with $750,000, shows a reduction of $250,000. On the whole, the larger river and coastal projects have not suffered grievously. When we consider that the 1913 bill carried over $41,000,000, and the 1912 bill about $31,000,000, it is evident that the retrenchment has been mainly in the little disconnected undertakings against which President Taft protested so eloquently in 1910. Such necessary projects as the deepening of the Delaware between Philadelphia and the Atlantic, now half-accomplished, will not be interrupted in the least. In years to come, when more liberal sums will be available, the example of 1914 in the avoidance of works where no real improvement is possible, or where no connection with a general waterways scheme can be expected, should be remembered with profit.

Though 652 cases await the Supreme Court during the regular term which began on Monday, its record of efficiency last year was so striking that the number of decisions of national importance will be small. The chief of these will probably be in the Danbury hatters' case, involving the validity of a $252,000 verdict against the Hatters' Union under the Sherman Anti-Trust law; and the St. Louis terminal suit under the same measure. General attention should also be drawn to an Oklahoma test of the "grandfather clause" legislation, and to the Henry case, involving the right of Congress to compel the testimony of citizens before its committees. But of cases coming close home to the interests of individual States, there is a much larger number. The Oregon Minimum Wage law case has been fought up to the highest tribunal. Ohio will ask the Court to dismiss an attack upon the validity of her coal-screen law—a conservation measure, checking the waste of small coal, which has resulted in the closure of mines by certain operators; while the Ohio Workmen's Compensation Act will also be passed upon. Among railway cases, the attempt has been renewed to annul the West Virginia Two-Cent Fare law, asserted to be confiscatory, and the Florida gross-earnings tax upon sleeping cars. Western States, finally, are concerned in an attack upon the recent withdrawals of oil lands.

Such laws as the Oklahoma "grandfather-clause" law are not numerous, having existed only in North Carolina, Louisiana, Georgia, and Oklahoma; while that in Louisiana expired by self-limitation in 1899, and that in North Carolina in 1908. The clause in the State of Georgia will similarly expire on the first of January, 1915, and in Oklahoma alone has it been made permanent. There is therefore special reason, in spite of the small negro population, for contesting the indefensible distinction it makes. Like the others, it would permit literate and property-holding negroes and whites to vote alike, but while it excluded illiterate or propertyless negroes—and only the justice of election officers would prevent the classification of almost all colored applicants under these heads—it would permit the registration of any illiterate or propertyless white whose father or grandfather had been a voter in 1866. Such laws are deeply objectionable in themselves, and in the lesson they give the population in racial discrimination in other matters; while they add new difficulties to the whole task of giving the negro an adequate civic education.

Travellers, shippers, and investors in railway securities should alike take keen interest in this year's convention of the National Association of Railway Commissioners. It will be held at Washington next month. Messrs. Harlan and Prouty will speak for the Interstate Commerce Commission, and representatives of all of the State commissions will be present. The chief discussion is to be of the need of harmonizing Federal and State rules and regulations affecting railways. In his annual report President Ripley, of the Atchison, warned his stockholders that "their interests are more endangered by the various governmental regulations than from any other source." That is the common attitude of railway officials. They have no objection to proper supervision. In fact, the benefits thus obtained by the railways are frankly recognized by all fair-minded officials. But on all sides the feeling is growing that no business can long endure being pulled and hauled in forty-nine different directions. That the various Commissioners are awake to the need of the hour is made evident by the list of subjects to be discussed at the Washington meetings.

Taking the country as a whole, what are the chances of the Progressives in the Senatorial contests this autumn? In twenty-one of the thirty-two States holding elections, they have, according to the latest tabulation, candidates; while seven of the remaining eleven are Southern States in which not even the Republicans have thought it worth while to name men. The outlook cannot be called bright in any quarter. Although the Pennsylvania Progressives are maintaining that a vote for Palmer is a vote for Penrose, and those of Illinois that a vote for Sherman is a vote for Sullivan, the independents in these States will be well advised to vote for the old-party opponents of the two bosses. They inevitably have the best chance of winning. In California, Francis J. Heney has a strong following, but he can scarcely do more than so split the old Republican vote as to elect the Democratic nominee, ex-Mayor Phelan, of San Francisco. In a dozen other States, among them Colorado, Iowa, Indiana, and Connecticut, the Progressive candidacy is looked upon merely as strengthening Democratic hopes of success, or as absolutely guaranteeing it. In Utah, the Democratic-Progressive fusion candidate, J. H. Moyle, is a Democrat. The Progressives are undoubtedly proud of the fact that in so many States they have been able to bring their party into the field; but it is altogether improbable that the present party alignment—52 Democrats to 43 Republicans—will be altered by the choice of Progressive Senators.

The buy-a-bale-of-cotton campaign, which has now assumed the proportions of a movement, ought to be a most fruitful subject for directors of psychological laboratories. Why do people buy a bale of cotton, and, when they cannot afford a bale, take a pound? Does the phenomenon prove the truth of the canon of advertisement-psychology that you should put your suggestions into the form of imperatives? Perhaps; but one impelling element in the crusade is probably the patriotic appeal that has been cleverly woven into it from the first. Who would refuse a little money for the sake of his country, especially when he may give it of his own free will instead of having it dragged out of

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him by a hateful tax? But there is more than this in the affair. In the back of people's minds is there not a shrewd notion that they are lifting themselves by their bootstraps out of the pit into which they have fallen through no fault of their own, and thus outmanœuvring the foolish and wicked Old World that is upsetting our trade by its mediæval antics? The matter is put in especially irresistible form by an enterprising firm that promises to buy a pound of cotton for every pair of shoes it sells. This alone ought to save the South. To offer us the opportunity of being indirectly philanthropic by ministering to our own necessities is like placing candy within reach of a child.

It is hard to smile at Mexico just now, and yet some of her most earnest sympathizers must have been unable to restrain something like a smile when they read the report that Villa was "mobilizing," and again when the same doughty chieftain condescended to imitate the European chancelleries by issuing a White Paper. For the most part, the distressed country on our Southern border carries on her war in her own way. Carranza's latest stroke is a new tribute to the sway of the democratic ideal in this hemisphere. By careful enumeration it is ascertained that his followers number 104,000, while those of Villa number only 24,000. This emphatic endorsement fortifies him in his purpose of going ahead with his provisional government. If the figures had revealed that he was in the minority, we are bound to believe that he would have announced that the returns were against him, and have sent the usual telegram of congratulations to his successful opponent—or would he have set up the claim that bribery had been indulged in to an extent that warranted him in continuing the contest?

People with due regard for the beauties of legal procedure will have scant sympathy with the petition to the Supreme Court asking it to expedite the Thaw case. It makes the surprising assertion that the delay has been a "scandal"; that it is more than a year since Thaw escaped from Matteawan and fled to New Hampshire, yet the courts have been unable to decide what his status is. But this is very superficial and *aliunde*, as the lawyers say. Such an intricate litigation, growing out of the conflict of laws and the divergent decisions of judges, ought to be thought of as an end in itself. The fate of the insane criminal himself, and the dignity of the State of New York, are merely trifling considerations. The great thing is to have this new Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce threshed out to the very last quibble. In no other way can the majesty of the law be vindicated; for it is sure to be positively settled in a few years whether Thaw can be extradited from New Hampshire. Meanwhile, it is for laymen to admire in silence the wonderful way in which abstruse legal principles and refinements of interpretation can be fallen back upon, like intrenchment after intrenchment, in defence of the humblest and poorest.

The literature of opposition to scientific medicine abounds in intellectual perversity, but it does not often offer a better sample of this than is given in an article in the current issue of the *Forum*. The writer looks forward to the time when the germ theory of disease, which "is in great vogue at present," will be "generally regarded as superstitious." Several of the arguments presented for the purpose of discrediting that theory would form excellent examples of bad reasoning for an elementary class in logic. Thus the writer knows "a druggist's family in which all of the six children had adenoids. Adenoids are not regarded as contagious, so far as I have ever heard. So contagion cannot be made the scapegoat in this instance. The children had adenoids because the mode of living was the same for all." Why not, then, suppose that the same thing is true "when several members of a family contract tuberculosis, diphtheria, or measles"? But here is the biggest gun which this profound reasoner trains against the poor deluded doctors:

> But if one contracts tuberculosis from the germs of another case, and he in turn from some one else, how did the first case that ever happened originate? . . . That troublesome first case is the missing link in the chain of the theory; but it happened so long ago that it has been lost sight of, and doctors are seldom embarrassed by being asked to account for it.

For this magnificent disproof of the results so painfully accumulated by the misdirected, though life-long, labors of a host of scientific workers from Pasteur down, the writer modestly disclaims any credit, the poser being attributed to "the leaders among those who reject the germ theory." This sort of stuff is too childish to be interesting, even as an absurdity; but a question of real interest is that of the state of mind of the editor who gives space to articles of this nature.

Zealous chess-players must support with all their hearts the claims of a new Shakespeare portrait, for it shows the dramatist—who does not mention the grave game in his works—intent over a board with Ben Jonson. The remainder of the world will be skeptical of the discovery, though we are assured that Paul Wislicenus, Ph.D., of Darmstadt, a distinguished Shakespearean scholar, pronounces it genuine, while Sidney Lee "was immediately struck with the great resemblance of the canvas to the Chandos portrait." The Mander portrait, now owned in Brooklyn, was acquired by one Col. Miller in 1878, who later lost all the documents telling its history in a fire, and carried his own information to the grave. A label on the back, stating it to be the work of Isaac Oliver, 1603, is contradicted by the German authority, who in thirty-two photographs has made out the signature of K. van Mander (1548-1606), a Fleming. It is true that none of the continental biographies of Van Mander mentions such a work; but a writer in *Arts and Decoration* explains this away on the ground that it was painted in England. In favor of its genuineness are the possibility that it is symbolic, representing a battle of the wits between the rival poets, and its defects, some bad details being exactly in Van Mander's worst manner. Besides, at the time it was painted Shakespeare was thirty-eight, Jonson twenty-nine; "yet in this canvas Jonson seems the older man."

Indiana's attempt to keep literary Iowa in the background by having a State-wide celebration of the birthday of her special poet, James Whitcomb Riley, at the time when Iowa is having her first "homecoming" of native authors, will be regarded as an admission of the seriousness of the new menace to the literary preëminence of the Hoosier State. Of the East, Indiana has long been without fear. Indeed, upon Boston itself she looks in a patronizing way that approaches a gentle scorn. The older part of the country, in her estimation, has shot its bolt. And while Irving and Hawthorne and Emerson are names of which the East may be proud, and even Indiana need not be ashamed, still one living author is better than two dead ones. It is just here that Iowa is looming up so dangerously. As the Des Moines *Register and Leader* reminds its readers, the lineage of such bright stars as Hough, Ferber, Hughes, Butler, Garland, Norton, and a dozen others equally notable is to be traced, not to Indiana, but to Iowa. Every one of these writers is known to some publishing house, not of ten or twenty years ago, but of today, this autumn of 1914.

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THE FALL OF ANTWERP.

Despite the efforts in dispatches from Paris to minimize the fall of Antwerp, there can be no doubt that the Germans' elation over it is justifiable. It is not only that they have smashed to pieces in ten days what was considered to be an impregnable stronghold, and thereby consummated a feat of arms which is only partially paralleled even in the fall of Liège and Namur; they have achieved a success which cannot but have a profound moral effect upon their enemies. A week ago the value of Antwerp was admitted in dispatches which represented the Allies as racing to the rescue of the city; the hasty dispatch of the British naval guns that were so effective in South Africa is further proof that the Allies recognized the enormous value of a German check or of a long-delayed siege. French newspapers freely stated that Antwerp was sure to hold out for weeks or months; but just as the expert of the London *Times* declared the day before the fall of Namur that that city would block the Germans for four weeks, so the experts again went astray. The German attack was beyond anything ever seen in modern warfare, and the Krupp artillery can now boast of unsurpassed victories.

The military value to the Germans of the capture of Antwerp is best measured if we think what would have happened if the Allies had succeeded in preventing it or had raised the siege. Then they would have been in a position gravely to menace Brussels and the German communications in Belgium. It would have been hailed as necessitating the retirement of the Kaiser's forces from France, as well it might have, and the Allies would have cheered it as indicating the beginning of the end of the struggle on anything except German territory. Now the conditions are reversed; the Belgian army has again received a stunning blow, and may have lost as high as 40,000 more men by casualties and internments in Holland, the latter said to total 22,000, all in addition to the British loss of 2,300 from similar causes. That the British marines' support was so futile and that they were bundled out so unceremoniously in forty-eight hours will cause more rejoicing in Berlin than anything else, since the feeling against England is so intensely bitter.

As to the direct military advantage to the Germans, that, as we have already pointed out, lies chiefly in the fact that the attacking army is now free to move on Ostend and Calais, and that the last menace to the German communications in Belgium itself is at an end. It is the great battle line in France and the extreme northwest corner of Belgium which is now protecting the transportation lines to Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle. Everything but a skeleton force of railway guards may now be thrown towards Lille or towards Ostend, to meet the Allied troops. With them must now be fought out the question whether the Germans can cut off and hold the Channel ports as far as Calais, or whether they must content themselves by building the last link in the 300-mile line of breastworks from Switzerland to the sea, and waiting until the German artillery can crack the hardest nuts of all, Toul and Verdun, or until they are compelled to fall back towards the Rhine.

Whatever the outcome of the next moves, the Allies fight with a heavier burden than before. In England fresh anxiety and a recognition of the heartening effect upon the Germans must bring about considerable depression, not because of any real danger of the enemy's using Antwerp for naval or aerial attacks—we cannot believe that they will seek to violate Dutch neutrality—but because of the plain fact that every such German success means the stiffening of the backbone of the Empire. In Austria, as in Italy and Turkey, the moral results will be far-reaching as well. To the hard-pressed Austrians this fresh proof of the power of the German arms comes in the nick of time. In France, too, with her large reliance upon those eastern fortresses which have fought so manfully, the collapse of Antwerp must have a chilling effect. Indeed, the whole world outside of the sympathizers with Germany must grieve at this fresh evidence that we are in for a long-drawn-out, brutalizing struggle, in which the poor Belgians are apparently to be ground to pieces, since there is every prospect for further terrible fighting upon their soil. There is but one satisfaction for the humanitarian and anti-militarist in it all—the universal admission that fortresses have been vanquished by ordnance, unless supported by great mobile forces, in which case hasty earthworks seem to serve about as well. As the honors at sea are for the moment, at least, with the submarine, so on land the prestige belongs to the guns, not the forts. Antwerp's defences were planned by the ablest French and Belgian engineers, only to go down like paper before what was probably chiefly an army of reserves and of the *Landsturm*. It will be difficult, hereafter, for War Ministers to demand millions for structures that are certain to prove merely the tombs of their defenders. In addition to this the question must also be asked whether the money which may be lost by the shelling of so great and rich a city as Antwerp does not now exert a powerful if unconscious influence against the defenders and in favor of an early surrender. In the future it should be a powerful argument against fortifying any great urban marts.

GERMAN APPEALS TO AMERICA.

By every mail we continue to receive from German friends and correspondents masses of printed matter, specially marked, and prepared and intended to convince us of the correctness of Germany's position, and of the cruel injustice that has been done her by the failure of American public opinion to support her cause. Moreover, this propaganda is not confined to the newspapers. Teachers of German in preparatory schools are being bombarded both by individuals and societies. In numerous German cities associations have been formed entitled "The ——— Society for the Spreading Abroad of the Truth About Germany," and they are mailing to every ascertainable address printed matter exposing misrepresentations and presenting their holy cause as they see it. Special editions of newspapers were handed to all the Americans leaving Berlin by special train during the first weeks of the war, with the request that each copy be preserved and sent to an American newspaper. Under date of September 12 the Leipzig *Neueste Nachrichten* printed a special issue for circulation abroad, containing all the official dispatches which had appeared up to that time. As for the misleading pamphlet entitled "Truth About Germany," the mails have been heavy with copies, and it is now on sale on our news-stands, besides having been reprinted in full in a New York paper.

Yet the deluge of pro-German literature flows on, always on the theory that the German side is not getting a hearing in the American press. In this our German friends are mistaken. Their cause, as they view it, has been fully and adequately presented in its every phase to the American public. With but trifling exceptions, the newspapers of the country have freely opened their columns to the German sympathizers among their readers, and to such advocates as Dr. Dernburg and Professors Münsterberg, Sloane, Burgess, and Kühnemann—the last, we hear, is to tour the country setting forth his views. The German White Paper has been widely printed, besides being circulated by certain groups of German-Americans here, who are also engaged in the hopeless task of convert-

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ing public opinion to their side. The circulation of our German newspapers has, moreover, gone up by leaps and bounds, both here and in Chicago. Americans who never dreamed of subscribing in peace time are reading Mr. Ridder's publications, for the express purpose of getting both sides. In addition, the German Ambassador has set forth in the *Independent* and elsewhere his views of the situation. Surely, no fair man can contend that the present American attitude is based on ignorance or is due to deceit.

That there have been gross misrepresentations and endless lies in the news dispatches no one can deny; the latest absurdity being the report of Count von Moltke's retirement as Chief of Staff in favor of a little-known junior general. The most striking allegation of British duplicity we have seen is what is apparently a deliberate falsification by the Central News Association of an official statement of Gen. von Stein, sent out from Amsterdam. As reprinted in the Hamburg *Fremdenblatt* of September 18, from the London *Times* and *Daily Telegraph*, a statement of Gen. von Stein's, reading that the "approach of new and strong hostile forces compelled the moving back of one wing, but the enemy nowhere followed," is translated to read "but stronger hostile columns came to the assistance, *and the enemy won the battle*, obliging the German troops to retire." Everything else in von Stein's dispatch was translated with scrupulous fidelity. On its face, this garbling of official reports is nothing less than an outrage, and a disgrace to British journalism. About the British censorship, which has played anything but a broad-minded or generous part, something also might be said.

But if every news dispatch received from England had been falsified, it would not go to the heart of the matter, so far as American judgment of Germany is concerned. That has not depended upon the number of cities burned or atrocities reported, any more than the fact that some British soldiers have been shot in the field for committing the worst of crimes upon French women, has affected America's opinion of British diplomacy. What our German friends, in their eagerness to have the towering moral influence of the United States on their side, do not realize is that the judgment of this country was based upon a calm consideration of the facts leading up to the war, and upon the invasion of Belgium as set forth by the Germans themselves. American good opinion was forfeited when the Kaiser rejected Sir Edward Grey's two distinct offers to assure peace, when the "scrap of paper" incident occurred, and the Chancellor admitted the flagrant violation of the law of nations. This judgment cannot be swayed by the thrilling uprising of the German nation, its readiness to sacrifice its best, or its wonderful unanimous belief in the justice of its cause. These things do not affect the moral issues at all, any more than does the fact that the British, who have connived at the wiping out of the nationality of Persia and Morocco and destroyed the Boer republics, are in an inconsistent rôle in going to war for the independence of small countries. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* in a recent issue declares that America will come to Germany's aid as soon as the statements of returning American travellers are published and German newspapers cross the seas. A bitter disappointment is before all Germans who hope for this. Indeed, we fear that the end of it all will be their early retreat to the position taken by the Berlin *Tageszeitung*, as reported last week in these words: "We, however, do not need to regard the public opinion of the world. In the last instance, the German people, united with the Emperor, are alone competent to decide the correctness of Germany's course."

THE CHANGED CLAYTON BILL.

If the war had not swept everything else out of sight, there would have been much more in the press about the bill "to supplement existing laws against unlawful restraints and monopolies." This measure, known as the Clayton bill, passed the House last Thursday in the form agreed upon by the Senate, and known to be acceptable to the President. During its passage through Congress it underwent many radical alterations. These were mostly improvements, safeguarding the language of the proposed statute at several points, and writing in important provisos. No one can deny that it is now a much better act than when it was introduced. Its original aims are still preserved, but the steps to attain them are much more cautiously taken. Dangerously loose phraseology has been revised with care, and the old landmarks of the law have been specifically retained. All told, the bill in its final form is a fine illustration of the value of discussion and minute criticism. The public and business men will accept the changed Clayton bill with much more equanimity than would have been possible if the measure had been hurried through as first drafted.

The chief substantive feature of the bill is its legislation against interlocking directorates, with its prohibition of various contracts between corporations having trustees in common. For some act of the kind, public opinion in this country has long been ready; and with all the safeguards now placed in these sections of the bill—especially the ample time given for industrial companies and railways and banks to make the necessary arrangements—it is not probable that any real harm will be done or much inconvenience suffered. As regards those parts of the bill which relate to combinations tending to produce a monopoly, price discriminations to the same end, and unfair trading, there is good reason to believe that they are superfluous. By this is meant that all oppressive acts of that kind could probably be brought under the existing anti-Trust laws, as interpreted by the Supreme Court in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases. Some of the best lawyers in the Senate held this view. But the contention of the majority was that it was just as well to make assurance doubly sure.

From the first, the clauses of the Clayton bill which excited most interest and provoked the sharpest debate were the so-called labor-exemption clauses. It is instructive, and to a degree reassuring, to take note of what was done with these sections of the act, in the course of its passage through committees and Congress. To a merely casual inspection Section 7 of the original bill reads almost the same as Section 6 of the perfected measure; but there are one or two slight changes which really make an enormous difference. For example: according to the first draft of the Clayton bill, "nothing contained in the anti-Trust laws shall be construed to forbid or restrain individual members of such organizations [labor unions, etc.] from carrying out the legitimate objects thereof." Just one word has been inserted by the revisers, but it has a world of significance. It is the word "lawfully." Labor unions may not be enjoined from "lawfully carrying out the legitimate objects thereof." That leaves the whole question undecided—or, rather, throws it back to the courts, with their previous decisions as to what may and may not be done lawfully.

A similar care has been shown in restricting the other provisions of the Clayton bill relating to organizations of workingmen or farmers. We refer to the section—18 in the original draft, 20 in the final form—which undertook to relieve labor unions from injunctive process. As first proposed, these clauses were thought to legalize what had previously been illegal—that is, extreme forms of picketing and the secondary boycott. Whether that was the intent or not,

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the danger was there. But it has been met. The original picketing clause stood: "from attending at or near a house or place where any person resides or works, or carries on business or happens to be, for the purpose of peacefully obtaining or communicating information, or of peacefully persuading any person to work or to abstain from working." Note the change made: "from attending at any place where any such person or persons *may lawfully be*." Again, the decision to be made by the courts in accordance with existing law! Similarly as concerns the secondary boycott. There was, in the Clayton bill as first drawn, to be "no restraining order" against "ceasing to patronize or to employ," or "recommending, advising, or persuading others by peaceful means so to do." But now we read, "by peaceful *and lawful* means." This makes, or easily may make, when the matter comes to judicial decision, a great difference.

It is not argued here that this whole matter of special legislation in the interest of organized labor is left by the completed bill in satisfactory shape. Both sides to the controversy may well think that they are getting the better of it. If the new law does not work as labor unionists hope, they will start their agitation afresh. It is only fair to say, however, that those finally responsible for the measure were at least bold enough and strong enough to stand out against giving away the whole case to the labor leaders. A word of praise should be added for the removal by the revisers of the bill of a very objectionable provision that a "decree" of a court against any defendant should be "conclusive evidence" against him "or any other party" in other proceedings. This has properly been changed so as to read "prima-facie evidence." It is but one of the many instances in which the recasting of the Clayton bill was most useful.

CAMPAIGN LETTERS AND ORATORY.

President Wilson's decision to make no political speeches before the November election is based on sound reasons. Public duty comes before party leadership. At a time when a world-crisis puts heavy responsibilities upon the President, and when he is asking his fellow-citizens, without distinction of party, to do what they can in helping him to meet them, he thinks it but fair and right that he should abstain from active campaigning. If he were to go on the stump only a few times, he would necessarily expose himself to reply and attack. That would be unfortunate at a juncture when the authority of his office ought to be preserved whole for possible use in ways far transcending party conflicts, or even the interests of our own country alone. Asking the support of all his countrymen as vigilant upholder of our neutrality in a devastating war, and as mediator between the combatants, if the opportunity offers, President Wilson will prudently refrain from doing anything that might cause political controversy to rage divisively about him

This does not mean, to be sure, that he has not a keen interest in Democratic success in the elections. And to help win it he will quietly do what he can. Instead of making speeches he will write letters. He has already begun the series. Several Senators seeking reëlection have had the President's warm epistolary endorsement. And it is understood that he will shortly issue a general written approval of Democratic Representatives. Possibly, Democratic candidates for the Governorship in various States may find something from Mr. Wilson in their mail, which they will not shrink too long from making public. At all events, it is letters to which the President is to confine himself in seeking to exert political influence between now and election day. One of the most persuasive speakers of his day is to forego oratory. Not even the malicious can say that the reason for this, in President Wilson's case, is the one referred to by the Apostle: "His letters (say they) are weighty and powerful; but his bodily presence is weak, and his speech contemptible."

The letter, as a political instrument, has scored many successes. Historic instances could be multiplied. Everybody remembers how Lincoln occasionally seized it, as Milton did the sonnet, in order to blow a blast heard through the land. During the Presidential campaign of 1860, Lincoln made no speeches at all, but he was a busy letter-writer. Throughout the Civil War he was exceedingly sparing of oratory, but now and then a letter would come from him which, like his famous answer to Horace Greeley, was much more than a half-battle. Several of his successors in the Presidency wrote letters that were more noteworthy than any of their speeches. This was true of Grant, and possibly of Cleveland. President Roosevelt was probably the most prolific letter-writer that was ever in the White House. Many of his letters were intended for the public and had considerable effect; but the great sensation was made by those—such as the ones addressed to "Dear Maria"—that leaped to light without his privity. It was letters of the latter kind that Martin Van Buren must have had in mind when he gave his well-known advice to public men: "Walk eleven miles to see a man rather than write him a letter."

If one asks what are the comparative advantages of letters and speeches, as a means of moving the voters, one will find many reasons for believing in the superiority of oratory. A speaker has the power of getting directly at his audience in ways forbidden to the printed page. All the questions of personal magnetism; of the eagerness of the crowd to see and hear famous men and candidates for office; the whole matter of give and take between hearers and the orator which often leads to impassioned utterance far beyond the range of a man coolly sitting at his desk to write—all these things suggest the higher opportunity of the speechmaker, and show why political oratory persists in favor. On the other hand, the speech can sway only its immediate audience. When it is printed in more or less imperfect form, and read by the distant public, a great deal of the fervor and virtue seems to have gone out of it, and readers wonder how those who heard it could have been so enthusiastic about it. The fire of oratory has a way of dying out in cold type. A letter, however, carefully prepared and published simultaneously over the whole country, wins at once, and with large masses of readers, its effect. In a way, it is like giving a speaker the chance to address an audience of millions. Moreover, the thrill and glow with which one comes from hearing a powerful oration are evanescent. But a letter can be kept by one and read again and again in calm deliberation.

President Wilson's campaign letters will hardly be great literary productions. Those that have already appeared are quiet in tone. In any that he may hereafter write, in support of this or that candidate, or in general appeal for his party, he will probably not be inclined to force the note. In view of what has been done, and of the anxieties which the war has caused to press upon the country, he will be apt to write upon the theory that, after all the words which can be used, "if silence will not speak, there's nothing told."

A MODERN BLESSING.

The celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of the Johns Hopkins Hospital is an event in which the participants may take such a degree of pride and pleasure as can rarely be sincerely experienced on similar occasions. In its own equipment and general activity, that institution has been one of the great agencies for the relief of suffering, and has played

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an important part in the general advancement of hospital standards in this country; but it is in its function as an integral part of the resources of the Johns Hopkins Medical School that its most signal service has been done. The remarkable rise in the character of medical education in this country which the past quarter-century has witnessed has owed its chief impetus to the Johns Hopkins Medical School; and to that source, too, is to be traced the origin and successful development of the institutions devoted exclusively to medical research, of which the Rockefeller Institute is the leading example.

But when we take a backward glance over the story of medical progress during the past twenty-five years, we make a very great oversight if we overlook the change that has taken place in one matter of vital importance, belonging neither to the domain of hospital management nor to that of medical education or of medical research. There has grown up, during that time, in this country, what is almost literally a new profession, that of the trained nurse. In 1889, there were not in the whole country, outside of hospitals, more than a few hundred trained nurses; now their number is estimated to exceed a hundred thousand. And the standard of qualification is steadily rising. To the development of that calling, and to the lifting of it to a higher professional plane, the Johns Hopkins Hospital contributed powerfully. Its Training School for Nurses was started simultaneously with the hospital itself, and it at once took a commanding position in its field, and had the effect of stimulating the growth, multiplying the number, and greatly raising the standard of training schools for nurses throughout the country. It was Florence Nightingale who established in London, in 1860, the first school for the systematic training of nurses upon modern principles; and it is to the Bellevue Hosptal in New York that the honor belongs of establishing the first institution of the kind in this country. This was in 1873; and the next great landmark in their development in America was the starting of the Baltimore school in 1889.

There could hardly be a better illustration of the way in which we get accustomed to the gains of progress, and come to regard them as a matter of course, than the story of the trained nurse. To be able to command such help in time of sorest trouble, to be able so to increase the chances of recovery on the part of the sick and to reduce the danger of breakdown on the part of the anxious relatives watching the sickbed—this ought to be considered a blessing beyond price, and a cause of profound thankfulness. Persons still young remember the time when any such aid in the home was virtually out of the question; and it does not take a much longer memory to recall the time when hospital facilities were so much more limited in amount and so much less perfect in kind that recourse to those institutions was to be thought of only in exceptional cases. Yet it is very seldom that any one stops to dwell on this immense gain that has been won for millions of human beings in one of the most important concerns of life. It is true that the full benefit of this new resource is enjoyed only by the well-to-do. But even these constitute a numerous class; and it would be a great mistake to suppose that those in less fortunate circumstances do not receive such benefit in very considerable measure. The free beds in hospitals, with the best of nursing, are many; and visiting nurses, supplied either by city authorities or by private effort, do an incalculable amount of good among the poor. The number of trained nurses in the employ of New York city alone—indoor and outdoor—is nearly 800.

To appreciate what the trained nurse does towards alleviating distress of mind and body, it is only necessary, as we have said, to make a little effort of memory; but most of us are not in the habit of doing even so much as that. In this as in other matters pertaining to modern progress, we take present advantages for granted, and are more prone to complain about their not being greater or more general than to dwell upon their being in our possession at all. If this is so in regard to a thing which has come about so rapidly that we all can picture the contrast with our own previous experience, how much more must it be the case with things that have been two or three generations in the making. When people talk glibly about the condition of the masses in these days of modern industrialism being worse than it was in former times, they never stop to think of the way in which the city poor lived in narrow streets, unpaved and unlighted, of the dirt, the scant and impure water, the insufficient police protection, the absence of cheap transportation—the want, in short, of almost everything which we now regard as essential and which is enjoyed as a matter of course by the poorest, or all but the very poorest, of the people. There are other things besides nursing in which the standards of to-day differ as much from those of a hundred years ago as does the fine, humane, disciplined modern nurse from Sairey Gamp.

Chronicle of the War

Beyond the possibility of a doubt the past week has been Germany's. Whether, when the history of the war comes to be written it will be set down, as some of the English and French critics assert, as marking the apex of German success remains to be seen. At all events, of the present success there can be no doubt, nor have the Allies made serious efforts to minimize its importance. Both in the eastern and in the western areas of conflict notable successes for the German arms are to be recorded, and, viewed simply from the standpoint of military efficiency, these successes are as creditable as they are astonishing. In the west, Antwerp, next to Paris supposed to be the most impregnable fortress in Europe, fell on Friday of last week, after an amazingly short siege; in the east, German armies have pressed forward in Russian Poland, have swept the Russians back to the Vistula, and are threatening Warsaw. By the time these lines appear in print that place may even have fallen. That its capture is regarded as not improbable is indicated by dispatches from Washington which assert that Great Britain has requested the United States to take over her consular interests in Warsaw in that event.

Whatever may be the strategical advantages derived from these successes—and in the first flush of victory there has been observable in the dispatches from Berlin a natural tendency to exaggerate these—their moral effect must be considerable. In Germany, for all the determination that has been displayed, some amount of depression must have supervened on the sudden sweep back of her forces from Paris after their triumphant progress thither and when the goal was not only within sight, but almost within gunshot, and this depression cannot have been allayed by the long-drawn battle on the Aisne, showing as it has that man for man French and British troops are at least the equal of German, and that there was to be no repetition of the easy victories of 1870. Serious misgiving, too, must have been occasioned by the undeniable, though officially denied, Russian victories at Augustowo, which we recorded last week, and by their rapid advance in Galicia and the apparent total inability of Germany's ally to withstand the forward march of the Czar's forces. This depression now will have given place to a corresponding feeling of elation, both in Germany itself and among her troops in the field, while at the same time there are many elements in the situation which must be disturbing to the Allies.

One thing, as is pointed out in our editorial columns, is definitely established by the fall of Antwerp. The efficacy of fortified cities in warfare is a thing of the past. The gun has beaten the fort. Liège, Namur, and Maubeuge had given us more than an inkling of this fact; Antwerp has put the matter beyond a doubt. The fall of Antwerp will be viewed with mixed feelings of relief and apprehension by the Allies for other reasons. They must be realizing how narrow was the escape of Paris in the early stages of the war, for had the German armies not been checked at the Marne, there is small reason to suppose that Paris would have proved

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more impregnable than Antwerp. They must also be watching with anxiety the development of events on the Verdun-Toul line, where so stout a resistance to German attacks has hitherto been maintained. The Germans have not got many of the dreaded Krupp siege guns—report places their number at no more than two—but those have proved uncommonly effective. After the surrender of Antwerp, dispatches stated that these guns were being transported elsewhere, and it is not unlikely that they may make their next appearance at Verdun.

From the strategical standpoint the possession of Antwerp is of immediate importance for the Germans principally because it clinches their hold upon Belgium, thus consolidating their whole front and securing their lines of communication, and also because it releases for service elsewhere an army of probably 150,000 men, and disposes of the menace of a mobile Belgian army on their flank. Their success at Antwerp would have been more important still had the Belgian army failed to make good its escape to Ostend. As it is, there is some doubt as to the numbers which did actually reach the latter city. Dutch reports state that 20,000 troops, including 2,000 British, were forced to cross the Scheldt into Holland, where they have been interned; German reports put the numbers considerably higher. It is probably safe to assume, however, that, allowing for casualties during the siege, half of the army of 100,000 men is still effective, and full credit must be given to the leadership which enabled these troops to accomplish the seemingly impossible and effect their retreat.

Writing last week, we spoke of the northward advance of the Allies' forces in the direction of Lille and the Belgian frontier—a remarkable advance, progressing as it did some fifty miles in the space of a week—as clearly directed to the relief of Antwerp. That object has been frustrated, and it remains to consider the alternative plan which must have been in the minds of the commanders of the Allies. The relief of Antwerp, as we know now, must have appeared, even while desperate efforts were being made to compass it, as a forlorn hope. Had Antwerp not fallen, the Allies would have joined hands with the Belgian troops there, and their line of battle would have been complete from the Swiss border to the North Sea, running from Antwerp south, through Ghent, Lille, and Arras, to Roye and Lassigny; then turning east, through Soissons and Rheims, to Verdun, and southeast again, through Nancy, to Belfort. With Antwerp taken, it may be assumed that the aim of the Allies is to make Ostend the extreme westerly point of their line, which will then run directly south and north from Ostend to Roye, or, should the Germans win the race for Ostend which is in progress as we write, it may be assumed that the forces in that place, British and Belgian, will effect their retreat in time to Dunkirk, thirty miles down the coast, and that the line will be rested there. The news that the Belgian Government has transferred itself from Ostend to France would seem to indicate that the capture of the Belgian port has already been discounted.

The success of what we may presume to be the Allies' plan will depend largely upon the outcome of the severe engagement which has been in progress for some days all along the line Lille-Arras-Albert. Lille was occupied by the Germans on Tuesday, and heavy cavalry fighting was reported at Hazebrouck, twenty miles to the west. There apparently the Germans had some successes, followed by a resumption of the offensive on the part of the Allies. Between Arras and Albert, the French War Office, which has been noticeably reticent and conservative of late, in its report on Tuesday afternoon recorded "notable progress." Within the next few days we may probably expect some decisive development in this quarter, and obviously the Allies are here fighting against time, since it is of the utmost importance that they should achieve an emphatic success before the German troops released from Antwerp can be thrown into the fight. Along the rest of the long line of battle there is no change of importance to record, although at most points slight progress is reported by the Allies.

In the east, as in the west, there have been startling developments, all the more startling in view of the impenetrable veil of secrecy in which the movements leading up to them have been hidden. Petrograd paved the way for the surprise when, as we recorded last week, it made casual mention of German troops in the neighborhood of Warsaw. Those troops have now developed into a full sized army, which is not only in the neighborhood of Warsaw, but is threatening the capital. From a comparison of the various dispatches, unusually significant in what they leave unsaid as well as in what they say, we can form an idea of the existing situation. Berlin reports that the whole of Poland west of the Vistula is now in German possession, with the exception of Warsaw, the fall of which is expected at any time. At the same time the official report speaks disparagingly of the "few kilometres" lost near the East Prussian frontier as of no importance, and declares that the siege of Ossowiecz could not have been abandoned, because that place was never besieged. Vienna speaks of the rapid advance of the Austrian troops along the River San as having resulted, on October 11, in the withdrawal of the Russian investing force from Przemysl, Galicia. Petrograd ignores events in Poland and Galicia, but reports further successes on the East Prussian border.

The situation, then, may be reconstructed thus: The Austrian forces, partly by virtue of their own reinforcements, but more probably as a result of the stiffening afforded by the arrival of German reinforcements, have so far recovered themselves as to be able to resume the offensive. The Russians, presumably for strategic reasons, since there has been no hint of any severe fighting in that region, have retired from their position between Przemysl and Tarnow. The central Russian army has taken up a position on the east bank of the Vistula and is waiting there to give battle to the German host which has advanced from the line Kalisz, Lodz, Petrokow, Kielce. This army is supported on its right by the Austrians who have relieved Przemysl, and on its left by the army of Gen. von Hindenberg, which is having difficulty in holding its position on the Prussian frontier. The critical part of the battle line will most probably be between Sandomir and Ivangorod on the Vistula, and we may presume, in view of the skill with which the Russian campaign has hitherto been directed, that this battle ground is of their own choosing.

Foreign Correspondence

THE RED CROSS SOCIETY—AN IDEAL HOSPITAL — FOREIGN K.G.'S AND K.C.B.'S—LONDON'S LOST CATS.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, October 3.

"The Duchesses have nobbled the Red Cross Society." The remark was made more in sorrow than in anger by one who has not only generously contributed to various funds for the relief of the wounded in war and those dependent upon them, but has devoted great capacity and valuable time to personal endeavor in furthering the enterprise. There is unfortunately a basis of fact in the bitter lament. Nursing the sick and wounded in hospitals, and providing garments for them, has become the fashion of the day in high society. The brief-lived rapture of ping-pong which captured it a few years ago was nothing compared with this. Even afternoon bridge parties have suffered from the competition. A real Duchess has just come home from the front, to the relief of authorities embarrassed by her well-meaning amateur efforts. There are to be seen in the shop windows obtainable for a few pence photographs of other ladies of title caught, not without connivance it is feared, in the very act of sewing a shirt.

Since the Red Cross Society has been officially recognized by the War Office and is the recipient of subscriptions from the public exceeding a quarter of a million sterling, the absence of strong, trained, capable direction threatens to become a national calamity. It is even whispered that these *grandes dames*, some of whom were prominent in the political arena when the fight around Ulster most fiercely raged, are not wholly uninfluenced by party prejudice. Certain wealthy Liberals having town or country houses suitable for transformation into hospitals communicated to the War Office their willingness to devote them to the service of sick and wounded soldiers. They were referred to the Red Cross Society, and the committee, so it is said, take care to keep the preserves sacred from invasion by vulgar Liberals.

A case coming within my personal knowledge goes some way towards substantiating the rumor. A country neighbor who has a spacious residence set in a far-reaching park within convenient distance of Folkestone, a port in close touch with the battlefield, offered to furnish it and to maintain it at his sole expense as a hospital. He made this proposal to the War Office and was in the ordinary course referred to the Red Cross Society. He hastened to lay the precious gift at their feet, and in due course received a formal letter stating that there was no need for his assistance. Unfortunately (perhaps fortunately for those who will presently benefit by his patriotic hospitality) he is a member of the House of Commons well known for strenuous effective support of principles abhorred in London drawing-rooms. The sick and wounded had better go uncared for than be indebted to his generous care.

The mere man concluded that here was an end of the matter. The wife thought not. Why not offer the hospital elsewhere on their own account? To begin with, she obtained admission to Guy's Hospital, and for some weeks did the hard work of a nurse while obtaining thorough insight into the working of

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a hospital. Returning home she had the rooms stripped of their costly furniture, carpets taken up, curtains removed, floors stained and varnished, the apartments turned into first-class hospital wards with the best of beds. I paid a visit to the improvised hospital yesterday and found it the perfection of light, airy rooms all looking out on gardens or leafy park. Baffled in the effort to serve his own countrymen, the owner of the pleasaunce turned to the Canadian authorities, receiving instant acknowledgment of his proposal and grateful acceptance of his offer.

Here, then, is a home of rest and cure awaiting some of our Canadian brothers who in their gallant efforts to help the Motherland may fall by the way. Every help which surgical and medical skill can provide will be placed at their disposal. Every comfort that trained nurses can bestow will be theirs, together with every luxury in the way of meat and drink suitable for the case of the sick and convalescent liberally provided. Fifty patients will be housed and cared for with a tenderness that could not be excelled by mother or wife. Meanwhile, whether the time be long or short, the hostess with her maid will bestow herself in rooms in a gardener's cottage in convenient contiguity for the matronly supervision to which she has devoted herself.

Although the Kaiser's heart bled for looted and burned Louvain—this was just before his gunners made a target of Rheims Cathedral—it is possible that he has suffered even acuter pangs in conditions brought home to him as one of the earliest fruits of the war. He has felt bound to discard from his wardrobe the uniforms ordered in connection with various high positions in the British army and navy conferred upon him during the last twenty years. He will presently suffer further deprivation by the removal from St. George's Chapel, Windsor, of his banner and insignia as a Knight of the Garter. A minor consideration is the fact that thereafter he will be deprived of the solace conveyed by knowledge of the fact that the congregation at St. George's regularly include his name in their petitions to the Throne of Grace for the welfare, temporal and spiritual, of companions of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

In addition to the Kaiser there are in the field against us a medley of foreign potentates, big and little, who by favor of the Sovereign of the Order of the Garter, have been privileged on state occasions to display its star and blue ribbon. The oldest foreign K.G. is the helpless Emperor Francis Joseph, upon whom Queen Victoria bestowed the coveted ribbon as far back as 1867. Others, in addition to the Kaiser, are the King of Württemberg, the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, the German Crown Prince, and Prince Henry of Prussia. *Item*, there are several Knights Grand Cross of the Bath, including the Grand Dukes of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and Saxe-Meiningen, the Princes of Hohenlöhe-Langenburg, Frederick Charles of Hesse, and Philip of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. These names will be solemnly erased from the roll of the Order, as will those of the Knights of the Garter who have sent contingents to the German army in the field. It will be interesting to know what will become of the banners and insignia when taken down. Worse use of them might be made than offering them for sale to the highest bidder, the aggregate proceeds being handed over to swell the coffers of one of the many relief associations which are striving to mitigate the sufferings of innocent people who have suffered through the Kaiser's forces.

Among the more obscure but not less sensitive communities suffering from the war are the lost cats of London. Eighteen years ago a kind-hearted lady set up a home for their reception. Finding many sympathizers, the establishment entered upon a course of moderate but effective prosperity. In normal times its opportunity widened in the holiday season. People going away holiday-making cannot take their cats with them. A large proportion so situated turn with gratitude to the Cats' Home and make arrangements for their housing and keep. Too many leave the cats to look after themselves. The founderess and manageress of the home writes to tell me that on account of the falling away of subscriptions owing to competition in other directions arising out of the war, the institution is on the verge of breaking down. A contributory to this regrettable condition of affairs is the fact that the number of homeless cats is just now greatly in excess of the average. German residents in London, breaking up their establishments on quitting the country, had not time to make provision for their cats. They were accordingly left to starve in empty tenements, whence upon information received they were rescued by emissaries from the Cats' Home.

HOLLAND AND FLANDERS—AN INTELLECTUAL KINSHIP—THE "GREATER NETHERLAND."

THE HAGUE, September 28.

Holland has become a haven of refuge for the Northwestern Continent of Europe. Order and quiet reign in her towns and villages, while slaughter and destruction rage all round. Common talk would have us believe that the Dutch owe their safety to the Kaiser's devotion to the House of Orange. As if German strategy were to be guided by such sentimental motives! The Dutch General and late Minister of War, H. P. Staal, has shown, in a series of articles in *Het Vaderland*, how absurd this popular assumption is. There was no urgent reason for the German army to violate Holland's neutrality; what use, then, would there have been in the attack upon a country whose army, though small in itself compared to the host of the German invader, might have formed a dangerous increase to the enemy's opposing forces? Nor is there any truth in the rumor, repeated in a letter from The Hague, which appeared in your issue of August 27, about a secret German-Dutch understanding, which, to quote your correspondent, "has so often in recent years been alleged to exist." The Belgians, unfortunately, seem to believe in it, and their press helps to spread it by repeating, in spite of official contradiction, that the Dutch have allowed German troops to march unopposed through their province of Limburg. It may be in the line of German tactics to encourage this rumor so as to disseminate wrath among the Belgians and cause estrangement between the Hollanders and their Flemish brothers. The attempt will prove utterly hopeless. For these two peoples, knit together by their common language and their earlier history, have, for the last twenty years, formed an intellectual and literary alliance stronger than international diplomatic treaties, as it is based not on promises, but on feelings of kinship and love.

Flanders has, in the past few decades, awakened to a new life of literary and artistic activity, such as it had not known since the thirteenth century, the great age of Jacob Van Maerlant and the poets of "Van den vos Reynaerde." From the time of the establishment of Belgium as a separate kingdom (1839) down to the early 'nineties, Flemish authors had anxiously tried to imitate the language and style of Dutch contemporary literature. But during the last quarter of that century a poet arose in Belgium who dared to speak the language of his own native home, the sweet, simple dialect of Flanders. It was the history of Scottish literature in the eighteenth century repeated: so long as Thomson and the minor Scottish poets of his age sailed in the wake of English poetry, London retained its literary supremacy over Edinburgh. But when Burns began to sing in the native dialect, high poetry rang in the homely notes. Guido Gezelle is the Burns of Flanders. He sang his lyrics in the words and phrases heard along the roadsides of the Flemish country, and Holland recognized that in his song the Flemish soul was revealed as never before.

Gezelle died in 1899, but the impulse he gave to the younger generation of Flemish poets and novelists survives with undiminished force. Stijn Streuvels, Herman Teirlinck, August Vermeylen, Cyriel Buysse, Karel van de Woestijne deserve a wider fame than the limited scope of the language they employ can gain for them. Holland is the only country where they are read and appreciated; the Dutch writers realize how their own literary language is enriched by the quaint and picturesque language of the south. Dutch publishers vie with one another in bringing out works of popular Flemish writers, and the reading public encourage their competition by an increasing demand for Flemish books. Flemish orators—and it seems as if eloquence were a native gift of that race—find an enthusiastic audience in every Dutch town, and the most popular of all Flemings, the singer Emiel Hullebroek, has sung his bright Flemish songs into the memories of all Dutch lovers of popular music. Holland repays these beautiful gifts by sending her famous actors, Royaards and Bouwmeester, to play in Ghent, Antwerp, Bruges, Brussels; by sending her scholars to Belgium to lecture before the students of Brussels and Ghent; and every summer members of the University staff at Leiden give a course of holiday lectures to students from Belgian universities.

This intellectual and literary intercourse and mutual appreciation has created, of late years, a strong feeling of what their German neighbors would call "Zusammengehörigkeit." The Dutchman has begun to realize that his nation covers a wider field than the small area enclosed within his frontiers, the Fleming that it is not to France that he must look for inspiration congenial to his mind and natural talents. Both have conceived the possibilities of a "Greater Netherland." *Groot-Nederland* is the name of a leading literary monthly, which is edited by the Dutch novelist Louis Couperus and his Flemish brother-in-art Cyriel Buysse. Those two, with their periodical, exemplify the hopes and aims of the best and greatest among the Flemish and Dutch. No "Groot-Nederland" in a political sense is what they look for. There is no such thing as Dutch Imperialism; neither north nor south of the Escaut prevails a wish to alter the map of that little corner of Europe. But an intellectual "Groot-Nederland" is the aim they have in view, and no German policy, terrorism for Belgium, coaxings for Holland, can disturb its growth.

A. J. BARNOUW.

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Some Novels from Abroad

COUPERUS — MADAME MAETERLINCK — POMPEO —HAGEDORN—MRS. BAILLIE-REYNOLDS — MRS. WARD—A. S. HUTCHINSON.*

Whatever effect the war may have upon other industries, there is no doubt that it will change the face of European literature for a generation. Already the poets, historians, and philosophers may be observed indignantly withdrawing from the mild circle of intellectual brotherhood and unsectional benevolence, and bristling under the standards of race. As for the novelists, there is too little doubt about what we have to expect from them. As soon as they have got their breath, as soon as they have made out some sort of head and tail to the prodigy, they will be at it hammer and tongs. The formidable mass of more or less partisan literature bred by the Franco-Prussian War will seem inconsiderable a few years hence, since all the writing nations are now involved, offensively or defensively. Some rich blood will doubtless be injected into a body of fiction which has recently shown signs of anæmia. War will rid Europe of the defects as well as the virtues of civilization. Butchers do not suffer from neurasthenia, nor are shipwrecked men concerned with problems of social and sexual pathology. Out of the welter and hurly-burly of the immediate future, out of the inevitable deluge of tracts and photographic studies, a few big, strong novels are likely to emerge.

In our anticipation of this red and salty influx now so near, the novels of the current season already take on a flavor of survival. Can it be that only yesterday French and Dutch and German and Italian and English writers were preoccupied with these precious or provincial or romantic or "timely" themes? Do these volumes mark the end of an epoch? Are they to be dismissed presently as out of date, or to be cherished as a resource and refuge from the stress and confusion of post-débâcle fiction? They will have documentary value, at least; for the old Europe is passing away, Baedeker will have to be rewritten, the middle-aged tourist who has too long deferred his pilgrimage will have lost something he can never recover. The glories of Louvain and Rheims have departed, and who can say what tomorrow may bring to the shrines of Cologne or of Westminster, or of Rome herself? And as for the color and flavor of life abroad, they can never again be quite what they have been. The belated tourist must make shift with old pictures and old books to get the atmosphere of that already antiquated "abroad" which his neighbor so casually visited a year ago.

I.

Luckily, there are ample stores of material which remain to be drawn upon for the benefit in this kind of the English reader. English and American publishers have been less chary of translations in recent years, but have followed a natural law in preferring a tenth-rate novel in English to a first-rate novel in French or German or Italian. Now and then a fresh author is introduced tentatively, and, if he "takes," may be really conveyed to a fresh audience.

An experiment of this sort has just been made with the "Small Souls" of Louis Couperus, a writer virtually unknown in England or America, yet unhesitatingly pronounced by his accomplished translator the foremost novelist of Holland. This is the first of a series of four novels known as "The Books of the Small Souls." "The remainder," says Mr. de Mattos, "will be published if and as the antecedent volumes find favor with English and American readers." This is fiction of a high order, and ought, in its new dress, to find favor with a sufficient audience to justify the translator's hopes. That it is not of a popular sort, the blunt title suggests. The four volumes chronicle the fortunes of a middle-class Dutch family, the Van Lowes. The nearest analogue of this work in English is "The Old Wives' Tale," which Mr. Bennett frankly based upon a foreign novel. "Small Souls" is undisguised "realism." The Van Lowes are real people, not engaging or striking, but alive. Nor are they parties to a "plot" of carefully prepared situations and salient crises. They are chronicled, not exploited, made plain by means of a large body of cumulative detail. Yet as with all fictitious chronicles which survive the hour, this body of detail exists not for its own sake, but in the service of a larger interpretation. These small souls are such stuff as life is made on. Their creator neither veils nor mocks them, but sets them forth for what they may be worth, as if with a smile of kindly irony. One touching figure there is, drawn without sentimentalism, but with more overt sympathy—young Adriaan, hapless but courageous victim of his parents' folly. He, one foresees, is to be the central person in the three following parts of the chronicle; the last of them bears his name.

Teutonic realism is more naturally intelligible to the Anglo-American mind than the realism of Russia or even of France. Couperus's people, like Ibsen's or Sudermann's, surprise us by being so really human. But for a few foreign quaintnesses of custom and speech, they might be living next door. But how many of us honestly believe in those madmen of Turgenieff, those flighty or dirty children of Zola?

In his version of Madame Maeterlinck's "Choice of Life" Mr. de Mattos offers the English reader something essentially difficult, because essentially alien. As a story, it presents an episode, strained and long-drawn, and on the whole ridiculous in the eye of that common-sense which we worship and by which we are fain to live. The writer—or shall we say a lady?—records an experiment in friendship. She becomes infatuated with a beautiful peasant girl, makes an intimate of her, and tries to lift her to comprehension of the subtleties of art, sex, and life. To John and Jonathan there is something mawkish and unpleasantly suggestive in the insistence upon the physical charm which the girl has for the woman. Here the relation begins, and is doomed to end, for the girl is hopelessly vulgar and wholesome. Much of the lady's effort is given to rousing her protégée's sluggish sex-instinct. A typical incident is her grief and repulsion at the girl's coldness to a casual young man who has invaded her bedroom. The lady, who has been eavesdropping, walks for hours through the night in the attempt to forget "the ugliness of the scene." At last she finds comfort: "Little by little, hope returned to me. I was persuaded that over there, in the little room which my care had provided for Rose, love would yet be the conqueror. . . . And, in the dead stillness, I kept hearing the kisses falling, falling heavily, like the first drops of a storm." As for her advice to the girl, it is not in the direction of marriage and motherhood, but of love, *l'amour*. Convention is nothing: "It is right that woman should make her own experiments; it is right that she should know men to judge which of them harmonizes with her. . . ." The style is of a Gallic sleekness and melodiousness which the admirable work of the translator more than suggests. The effect of the book as a whole is (to John and Jonathan) strained, sensuous, ecstatic, doubtfully wholesome. John and Jonathan will need to remind themselves once more that the realists and the pathologists are not the whole of a racial fiction which includes Tartarin and the Abbé Constantin.

II.

Ingenuous forms like the problem novel, or even the sheer tale of sentiment, still subsist on the Continent. "Monsignor Villarosa" might be called the one or the other. It recalls "The Saint" of Fogazzaro, but is less intellectual and more romantic in spirit. As a problem story, it embodies again the struggle between modern thought, liberality, and sincerity, and the reactionary forces of the Roman Church. Villarosa is a provincial bishop of great scholarliness, and of generous and unworldly disposition. He is of noble race; in youth and on the eve of taking orders he has fled from his seminary to join the Garibaldian Thousand in Sicily. After the campaign, in which he is wounded, he does penance and enters the church. He is advanced in time to his bishopric, but the higher dignities which his remarkable character and powers might have brought him are held back as the penalty of his early revolt. And, indeed, the

*_Small Souls_. By Louis Couperus. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Choice of Life. By Mme. Georgette Leblanc Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Monsignor Villarosa. By Duke Litta Pompeo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Faces in the Dawn. By Hermann Hagedorn. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The Cost of a Promise. By Mrs. Baillie-Reynolds. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Delia Blanchflower. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Hearst International Library Co.

The Clean Heart. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

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spirit of independent thought and action has not died in him. In old age he takes the part of the peasants in their struggle against the landlords, is condemned by his adversaries, and turned upon by those whom he has served. Then his great work of exegesis, hailed by scholars the world over, is put upon the Index, and, finally, for a technical fault, and upon his deathbed, he is unfrocked and discommunicated. But he has come to see a greater glory than that of Rome, and dies triumphant. The tale is frankly anti-clerical, but its human quality lifts it above the plane of tract or campaign document.

The author of "Faces in the Dawn" is an American, but a German-American, and he has chosen here to write a story of the Fatherland. There are only a few persons—a country baron, his wife, his daughter Gudrun and her lover, a country parson and his wife. The lover is an American, the baron approves the match, but the baroness, who is a mollusc, steadily obstructs it on selfish grounds. The outcome of the comedy is never in doubt, but its conduct is sufficiently interesting. The chief figure is really Parson Adam, a gross husk of a man with a sound core. And early disgrace has first embittered, then dulled him. Salvation has for a time seemed to offer itself in an ideal attachment for Gudrun, the young baroness, but has reacted in a perfunctory marriage with a girl of his own class. We meet him as the domestic boor, the spiritless pastor. We leave him, by grace of the generous Gudrun's efforts and his own sound heart, on the way to a happy conduct of his married life and of his spiritual labors. Gudrun holds a brief for the right of woman to be mate on equal terms of her man, and joyfully exchanges the mediæval atmosphere of her German home to take her place among the proud women of her husband's Colorado.

III.

In America the movement for suffrage has gone on so quietly, but for language, as hardly to tempt our novelists. The militancy of England (now dormant or extinguished?) has provided more salient material. Two current novels yield militant heroines, though it is notable that in both instances the militancy is a phase, and the damsel led to see the error of her ways. Mrs. Baillie-Reynolds, indeed ("The Cost of a Promise"), has made of the suffrage motive a mere item in her narrative. A single scrimmage with rough protesting men is enough for this maiden. She goes through it as a heroine of elder date would have gone through a reckless feat of horsemanship or of dining at a restaurant without a chaperon—as a token of independent spirit, which the author must not too painfully subdue. As for the promise about which there is so much pother, it is of little account, except as a fulcrum. There are some very respectable characters in the book who might have been exercised to better advantage.

Mrs. Ward's "Delia Blanchflower," on the other hand, is a deliberate study of militancy; and her heroine's conversion from the cause does not profess to dispose of the whole problem. Delia is an interesting person. She is daughter of a retired officer (that mainstay of British fiction), has fallen by chance into the hands of a militant leader, and, largely as a matter of personal devotion, has pledged herself to the Cause. The father is outraged, and, dying, leaves his large fortune in the care of a guardian, who is to see that none of it goes to the support of militancy. The guardian, Mark Winnington (it could have been nothing else but Hugh) is that reserved, athletic, handsome Briton with whom, apparently, the fortunate Isles are peopled. Delia resents him and disobeys him, and, of course, in the end loves him and is by him rescued from the perils and absurdities of the Cause. The story is told with Mrs. Ward's customary suavity and charm. That she believes in suffrage as apart from militancy is clear, but her closing paragraph shows how little, with her serious intelligence, she relies upon such remedies as "the vote" for the final settling of the woman's problem.

IV.

In "The Clean Heart" the author of "The Happy Warrior" has provided another effusion of the serio-whimsical order which has been so popular during the past decade. Mr. Hutchinson is more serious, or more lyrical, than Mr. Locke or Mr. Bennett. On the other hand, he has his undoubted vein of humor under less skilful control. He has not been able to compass that first duty of the humorist—to forget Dickens. He has been saluted as a prose-poet, which we suppose to mean that his reviewers have noted the affectation of certain inversions once permitted to that familiar spirit of the lamp, poetic license; and his habitual lapses into set metre. Phrases like "Groan that was prayer of thanks came from Mr. Wriford" lend mannerism to every page, and there is passage after passage of what to the eye is prose, but, printed differently, would have to stand on its own feet as blank verse in one metre or another, of one quality or another. The hero, Mr. Wriford, will appeal to different readers as ridiculous and tiresome, or humorous and touching, or, to the very young, as tragic even. There is a sort of timeliness in the main situation: it may be taken as an exhibit against the rush of ceaseless toil now required of the industrious apprentice. Mr. Wriford is a successful journalist and novelist, who, like Mr. Arnold Bennett, works twenty-four hours a day. Unlike Mr. Bennett, he does not exult in the process. A strange fear, diffidence, and sense of unworthiness take hold upon him. Finally, his mind gives way to hallucination and despair. He tries to drown himself, but is rescued; wanders about the country, and has strange adventures with improbable persons; is a hero at times, a poltroon at others, an egotist always. The crowning effort of the Clean Heart is quite modern—so modern that it might naturally seem the effort of a very dirty heart—namely, to appropriate as his mistress a village girl, who is the life of her parents and who loves him devotedly, after allowing her to think he means her to be his wife. When she piteously refuses, he insults her grossly, and almost immediately after is so clumsy as to let her fall over a cliff and break her back. He is so overwhelmed with grief at this, and with the sense of his unworthiness, that he runs away at once without finding out whether she is going to live or die. Finale—a year later, the girl in a bath chair, crippled for life, and the literary gentleman with the clean heart fawning upon her, forgiven, and secretly satisfied with himself. Have we just spoken of the Anglo-American as little tolerant of the unwholesome and mawkish in fiction? He has endured quite enough of it in later years. It may be that these days of national storm will clear our air of these vapors also.

H. W. Boynton.

Recent German Books

DISCUSSIONS OF SOCIAL, ECONOMIC, AND SPIRITUAL PROBLEMS.

In Eugen Loewenstein's "Nervöse Leute" (Leipzig: Kurt Wolff) it is rightly stated that nervousness is no longer a subject of medical research only, but an important trait of modern life which extends far beyond the professional field of vision. Loewenstein, who admits that his book was suggested by Dr. Alfred Adler's work, "Ueber den nervösen Charakter," bases his conclusions upon what he calls the nervous temperament's consciousness of inferiority. The normal type is one that is habitually in a state of repose, the nervous is always on the alert. The nervous man or woman is conscious of an uncertainty or indecision which hampers action, but which he tries to hide by over-exertion and over-assertion of his will. The normal type has a free outlook on all sides; the nervous is surrounded by blind alleys. Frequent allusions to the principle of substitution, the unconscious exchange of motives, prove the influence of Dr. Freud upon the author. There is also a chapter upon the dream, in which he quotes the old German satirist Lichtenberg, who, in his polemics against the physiognomist Lavater, said: "Wenn Leute ihre Träume aufrichtig erzählen wollten, so liesse sich der Charakter daraus eher erraten, als aus dem Gesicht."

Eberhard Zschimmer, the author of "Philosophie der Technik" (Jena: Eugen Diederichs), has been a worker in the technical field for many years, and during his connection with the famous glass-works of Jena not only made improvements upon optical instruments, but found time to theorize and philosophize about what is, in his words, "without much thought" comprised under the one term "die Technik." The spirit of the book is sometimes aggressively critical, but Herr Zschimmer is a man who sees and surveys his subject from within,

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as one initiated into its manifold practical manifestations. He suggests his conception of "Technik" when he says of the inventor that he not only finds means to accomplish certain purposes, but that he works upon no other foundation than nature itself, which he attempts to master by creating "new possibilities to make nature run its course according to our desire."

Herr Zschimmer's acrid criticism is directed primarily against those who assert that the technical processes upon which our modern industrialism prides itself are a menace to the individual worker, because they have the tendency to depersonalize and dehumanize labor. Zschimmer says, on the contrary, that just as machines have taken from the laborer the burden of the hardest physical labor and are unburdening him more and more in that respect, so the new technical progress will in the end free man from all labor that tends towards mental deterioration.

In the latter part of his book Herr Zschimmer calls attention to the achievements resulting from a coöperation of practical industry and nature science, as that of the physicist Siemens and the mechanician Halske in the electrical field and of the physicist Abbe and the optician and mechanician Zeiss. He says that the technical tendency to-day is no longer limited to experimental research, but that it extends to the abstract sciences, and emphasizes the great difference between university professors that invent field-glasses, etc., and those "harmless idealists" who formerly were regarded as types of the German schoolmaster. Herr Zschimmer is especially bitter in his denunciation of "pessimists" who, like the admirable essayist, Victor Auburtin, see in the mechanization of our life through technical processes the doom of art. He also resents the fear of Rathenau and others, that technical progress makes for uniformity as against individualtiy and threatens the world with a spectre of equality. Zschimmer, on the contrary, hails it as a factor of democracy.

The library of sociological culture inaugurated by Eugen Diederichs, of Jena, has been enriched by an important monograph on the work of the Salvation Army. The author is Dr. P. A. Clasen, and the title reads: "Der Salutismus. Eine socialwissenschaftliche Monographie über General Booth und seine Heilsarmee." The author is a social worker, whose first acquaintance with the Salvation Army dates from the time when he was studying the social academic movement in Germany and stopped at one of the Salvation Army's lodging houses for men. That the work was compiled in no partisan spirit, but in the desire to treat the Salvation Army as one of the manifestations of an awakened social conscience and to rank it with other attempts at social service, is evident from the methodical arrangement of the material, the bibliography of 242 books and pamphlets pro and con in English, German, and French, the statistical tables, and the general tone of the work. He calls the nineteenth century the age of a new technical and economic order with a new science inevitably following in its wake: social research. The first part of the book deals with the organization, religion, and history of the Salvation Army and closes with a survey of its work the world over, the countries being given in the order in which they opened their doors to the institution.

The second part deals with the Salvation Army as a social phenomenon and with the personalities and the work of its leaders. The third is devoted to the social activity, and after a judicious review of the "Darkest England" scheme, gives an account of its work in the cities, of its farm colonies, and of its transatlantic ventures.

The monograph by Dr. Oscar Bie, "Der Tanz als Kunstwerk," was long ago followed by a more comprehensive volume by the same author, and last winter another sumptuously illustrated work appeared by Hans Brandenburg, the Munich poet and critic. Now a German professor has surveyed the whole field of hygienic physical culture from the pedagogical standpoint, and has produced a book which is of the greatest value to parents and educators who would familiarize themselves with the various methods now taught in Europe. Prof. Fritz Winther's "Körperbildung als Kunst und Pflicht" (München: Delphin-Verlag), is dedicated to President Wheeler of the State University of California. He approaches his subject from the standpoint of the German concerned about the menacing physical degeneration of his race; but the conclusions he draws from his comprehensive survey of all that is being done for the physical culture of the people in England and in America, and by individual teachers and schools throughout Germany, are applicable to the people of all countries. He justly emphasizes the fact that a system of physical culture based on hygiene alone cannot have permanent interest, and makes a point of bringing out the relation of physical culture to art, psychology, philosophy, and social life. He condemns the American custom of making business out of sport: instead of twenty experts performing for twenty thousand spectators, he would like to see sport socialized into a performance of the masses themselves. On the other hand, he admits that the British and American example has greatly stimulated the Germans' growing interest in outdoor exercise, as every visitor to Germany will see, from the increasing number of tennis courts and the vim with which both sexes, but especially women and girls, go in for this chance of acquiring strength and suppleness which their forebears did not possess. But the greatest value of Professor Winther's work rests upon his review of the numerous attempts that are being made in Germany to introduce systems of physical culture at once hygienic and æsthetic; his description of the schools of Elizabeth Duncan and of Dalcroze, of the work of Laban de Varaljas in Munich and Ascona, of the Seminar at Cassel, the municipal enterprises of Mannheim, etc.

A unique bit of autobiography is contained in the book which Switzerland's greatest poet of the present, Carl Spitteler, calls "Meine frühesten Erlebnisse" (Jena: Eugen Diederichs). Recollections of earliest childhood are so rare that comparison with Pierre Loti's famous book is inevitable. But what a difference of racial temperament and of individual character it suggests—and with all that difference, what curious coincidences! The one follows the lure of that mysterious voice which surges and roars and murmurs in the distance—the sea; the other is fascinated by a modest little brook in the heart of Basel, and lost in the tortuous maze of its little alleys. But the imprint of the experience upon the brain of the child, the first realization of being alone, remote from kindly care—how alike these are! Spitteler's memories go back to the first year of his life. They are little more than dreams:

Im Anfang ist der Schlaf, lehrt tausendjährige Beobachtung. Im Anfang war der Traum, ergänzt meine Erinnerung. Und kein Traum war jemals der erste, selbst der älteste besann sich auf einen Vorgänger.

That introductory chapter about the dream-world of the child is a remarkable specimen of Spitteler's insight. It proves him also a master of poetic prose. He never poses as a poet: he always is one; and when he unrolls the films of his memory, the dream-like impressions of his childhood, he gives his readers poem upon poem of entrancing delicacy and simplicity. Here is the opening paragraph of the chapter entitled Grossmutter:

Tag und Nacht, immer von neuem Tag und Nacht—wozu? Auf allen Seiten ungeheuerliche Dinge, die einen nichts angehen—wofür? Doch aus dem wüsten Wirrsal taucht zu Zeiten ein holdes Gesicht, und so oft das Gesicht nahe kommt, wird einem wohl. Jetzt braucht man nicht mehr zu wissen, warum, fragt überhaupt nicht mehr nach etwas anderem. Dieses Gesicht wurde mir lieb, und mit der Zeit, als ich anfing, Worte zu verstehen und nachzulallen, lehrte man mich seinen Namen: "Grossmutter."

The child left alone dreams—poems. But there is the reverse of the medal: the erroneous idea of nurse-girls and other persons in charge of children that children have to be amused. There are visits of relatives identified in the child's mind with the gifts they bring; there are the first impressions of a world outside of the native town, little journeys to Basel or Berne, each leaving some one vivid image which becomes the symbol of the place; finally, in his fourth year, there is the removal of the family to Berne and the child's first experience of homesickness. To the general reader a remarkable document of child-life, these recollections of Spitteler are of double value to the reader familiar with his works. For the connection between his life and his work is close; half a century later those dreams of his childhood were woven into the "Extramundana" and other poetical works which have given him a permanent place in the German literature of the present.

A. von Ende.

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Poetry

A POET OF THE ELDER FRANCE.

LAUSANNE, September 27.

A French poet, past middle age, for he was born in the first days of 1843, whose work leaps over to the sympathies of the latest French youth in their return to the past of their race, obliterating the wrangling systems and technicalities of those who are still, but wrongly, known abroad as Young France—such is Charles de Pomairols. In like wise, some day the youngest English and Americans who shall still read poetry will go back to Tennyson and Longfellow, and, further, to the Wordsworth who copied Cowper's "Task." It is curious how the sentiment of Charles de Pomairols's verse calls us back to Cowper's lines to his mother's picture, with as lofty an inspiration and more perfect form. The sorrow of a lifetime has thrown its shadow on the poetry of the Frenchman also. Feelings are disclosed which unseeing English tradition refuses to associate with what even Emerson thought was

France where poet never grew!

It was left unnoticed that Chateaubriand rose once to poetry—

Combien j'ai douce souvenance—

there where Tom Hood long after remembered, remembered

The house where I was born.

It is such depths of intimate love, carefully hidden from outsiders, which have always been at the foundation of the human community in France. Maurice Barrès is far younger than Charles de Pomairols and has played his part in notorious movements of the Young France of his time; but for years he, too, has devoted all the magic of his language to calling Frenchmen back to themselves; and, in a loving preface, he has given to his elder a very true title. For him Charles de Pomairols is "the Poet of the Hearth," of the *foyer*, that mystic French word which replaces "home" by adding to it the intimate notion of "family" and excluding from it all who have no rightful belonging in that inmost shrine.

From 1879 to 1904, Charles de Pomairols published five books of verse and was twice crowned by the French Academy, which also distinguished his prose studies of Lamartine—and all this again is of the Elder France. This year 300 pages of a selection of the poems have been published and have already reached a second edition. Maurice Barrès explains how this ancient among living poets has become their youngest in spirit.

. . . (In the French village) the château as the peasants call it is often a very modest dwelling; but it is the antique dwelling of leisure and hemmed in by ancient trees. Under its clinging ivy it is beginning to crumble. It has ceased to be a deciding factor in the village life. Politically, it is vanquished. But it still represents the refinement and delicacy—a whole group of ideas—on which France has lived for long generations. . . . Here breathes domestic and religious poetry. . . . Here is the conservatory of a sentiment of life and of a sum of habits and manners which are properly French. Here lived Eugénie de Guérin. Hence George Sand made her escape. In such a house M. de Pomairols was born. Its moral qualities he inherited, and he has expressed them in their least shades.

It was in provincial and meridional Rouergue that Charles de Pomairols was born. He drew classic tradition from a church college of his countryside and worldly learning from the State College of Toulouse—and then he drifted into poetry, as he tells us:

The last year I was bitten by philosophic curiosity and it pursued me all my youth and even led me to Germany. There I passed 1867 listening to the courses of different universities. Returning home, I married a young girl of my country; she was of a family of landowners like my own. The sentimental life blossomed out in me and my powerlessness to find the solution of metaphysical problems cast me into poetry. It was a belated entrance into art, for I had passed my thirtieth year; and it was an enchantment for me. . . . Unluckily, long habit of analysis had ill prepared me for poetic speech and—during my apprenticeship, which was ill done in the country, without guide or counsel—I did wrong to publish two books of verse in form too prosaic and deficient. Then the needs of my children's education and also a growing literary vocation brought me to Paris. There I became acquainted with Sully Prudhomme, Coppée, Heredia, Bourget. Their nearer example and their counsels made me understand, better than before, the rules of our art.

So here was our middle-aged poet adding to the melody of his native woodnotes new harmonies of the Parnassian school of the times. Leconte de Lisle, who was still a master of many, felt his Olympian serenity disturbed by one of Pomairols's titles—"the poetry of property"—and he smiled at the line—

Very great honor 'tis to own a field.

He was more respectful as he read forward in the grave poem on an old country, "The Romans in my Field," celebrating ancestors and heroes in the ages of a farm. Wordsworth, beside a stream once visited, could sing:

. . . I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
Will dwell with me, to heighten joy
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

Pomairols has become a part of his ancestral "Rivière":

Restless, my soul with agitated sense
By my slow river loves to pause and dream:
. . . . . .
I am so one with it, too near its flow,
That now I cannot walk but where it leads.

It has led the poet to a conception of his art which overturns all English ideas of the French:

In the pictures of poets who are true artists—for example, in the works of Leconte de Lisle or Heredia—I do not believe you will find a single carnal feature. . . . Leconte de Lisle liked to say that *la volupté* was not a subject for literature.

While Maurice Barrès makes his reserves about this "repugnance to total life, this something like disgust which is only too justified," he frankly avows:

In the spiritualized world whither M. de Pomairols draws us onward, we feel a sort of delicate, bare, choice joy. Freed from the brutal burden, we find ourselves in a finer medium bathing in thin transparence. . . . Other poets, with magnificence, build us castles in Spain; Pomairols represents for us the ideal life of old country homes. . . . He has not gathered all there is in the old provincial house—it has more blood and daring than he perhaps imagines. But, better than any other, he sings a tradition which comes to us from the depths of Celtic ages, a tradition which is our glory—infinite attraction for all that is pure, virgin, childlike, intact in nature.

So Charles de Pomairols sings the days and nights of the French family, of which it has been said that the man in it—all his life long—is the willing slave of one of the three women, mother, wife, or daughter. The untimely death of his daughter at thirteen forced from the poet his last volume, "Pour l'Enfant":

Thou hast been humbled amid all thy mates.
. . . Oh! what can I do
To make up to these thy fate so stern,
To draw to thee the kind and loving looks
Which, unjust, now turn but to those who live,
To win for thee that place of light and love
Where hearts shall see thee rise in all thy grace?

This "ideal reparation," as Maurice Barrès calls it—this "illusion which he gives himself of prolonging for him and his dead child the life which was cut short before its time," as Paul Bourget says—has produced a sequence of elegiac verse unexampled except for Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

In these last years, since he has ceased to publish his poems, this "spiritual" emphasis has grown yet more imperative in the life of Charles de Pomairols. It is not probable that many more than the fit will commonly read his hyper-ethereal verse, even for the exquisite words and music of it. During the already forgotten days of Symbolists and Décadents and the rest, his verse was not read at all—perhaps because it is so sincerely and gracefully French. And now, writers who have aspired to lead that divided, unguided youth of so near yet far a past, will doubtless toss aside his new editions as another instance of what Max Nordau, who is neither French nor a critic, brands as reviving clericalism. Yet it is only at the end that the positive religious strain is heard. Charles de Pomairols has written two lines which, in their adequate expression of pure human emotion, reach further depths than Victor Hugo's

Oh! I have seen young maidens die.

The two lines, of unequalled music in their simple French, are the poet and father's first grief at the "Abyss," which is death:

L'enfant qui souriait en me donnant la main,
Je l'ai perdu, je l'ai perdu sur le chemin!

S. D.

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News for Bibliophiles

OLD WARWICKSHIRE MORRIS DANCES AND SONGS.

The account and songs which follow were recently given me in Stratford-on-Avon by a Warwickshire workingman, who in his youth wandered about much in the country near Stratford, and is steeped in its lore and customs. He tells me that about forty-five years ago, when he was a boy, the nine men's morris dances with the hobby-horse feature were still given spontaneously by the people of his neighborhood. These village celebrations of the primitive sort were of course quite apart from the imitations and revivals which have more recently resulted from the interest of scholars and artists.

They are abandoned now in the immediate neighborhood of Stratford, as in most parts of England apparently, but he reports that not very far away, in Ilmington, Bidford, Sawford, and Pibbath, the custom still holds to some extent, and that the leader of one of the main groups of morris dancers is an old man past seventy years of age. These bands of morris men still keep to their old custom of dancing in front of gentlemen's houses and public houses in these sections, he thinks, but he seemed to have no detailed acquaintance with them and drew all the material which he gave me from the entertainments with which he had been familiar as a boy. The nine morris men were dressed, he says, in smocks, top hats, knee breeches with bells at their knees, and ribbons crossed on their legs and arms. They had always with them a clown dressed grotesquely to represent a hobby-horse, with a horse's head in wood projecting above his own, an oval-shaped clothes basket for his body, and a tail projecting from the back. He carried a big stick with a pig's bladder at the end of it, and ran in and out of the crowd to keep them back while the morris men danced, to the music of a fiddle. This precaution was partly necessary because of the popularity of the dancers with all classes. The morris men stood and danced in a circle. Their besom dance is described by my narrator as the drawing of handkerchiefs under the knees and throwing them over the heads, with this additional comment: "And so, clap hands and shake." Several of the songs which I quote from him below give suggestions as to other movements in the dance:

Nine men in a circle dost stand,
Each one ready to clasp in hand,
With a merry step forth, with a bend in the knee,
They'll trot merrily and jig, jig, jig.
The fiddler will be there to keep them in tune,
Dancing from morning to the light of the moon,
And when the moon's gone to bed, still dancing they'll go
From ten o'clock, twelve o'clock, two o'clock, four o'clock, on with the show.
Never think of tiring, stopping? Oh, no!
Such a thing cannot be.
Whirl the morris dancers. Display the show,
To the merriment of others, in the games to see
What jolly fellows we morris dancers be.
To amuse, not abuse, with simple music, we don't offend
If a little we extract
From the pockets
Of gentlemen and ladies gay,
Who will help the piper pay
And to call what tune they like.
Well, we'll wait and smoke our pipe,
Then the dance will fresh begin,
With Sam and Bill, Tom and Ben,
And Jim and Dick, Charley and Harry and George,
And don't forget, to please you all,
Our hobby-horse though stout and small
Is round displayed with many a bumper.
If a drop of sack our mouths to wash out,
Then we'll show the long shout,
Heigh—I—O.
Hicketty—O.
Don't tumble over, but keep go O.

. . . . . .

We nine men, bold and sound
We'll amuse you, round your town.
Merrily we jig it, happy and gay,
In our dancing blithe and gay.
Heigh—O, away we go,
With our gallant hobby-horse we cut this show,
Heigh down, derry a day,
Jolly old farmers have carried their hay,
We morris dancers blithe and gay,
Heigh down, derry-a-day!

Come folks long and tall,
And gladsome girls, get lief to-day,
From your dads, dancing gay,
No matter how long out you stay,
If you dance the night away
Know your limbs so tired may get,
Happy and merry, I'll back you be,
Dancing around the greenwood tree.

Now bold Robin Hood was a forster good,
Who ever drew a bow in the merry greenwood,
And the wild deers he followed; there's none
So bonny, blithe, and gay as Marion,
Pride of the dale. Then in stepped little John
With a courage so strong
To conquer them all in a by ding dong,
And the bugle horn did echo,
Did echo, did echo.

When good King Henry ruled the land
A noble King was he,
They used to make bag puddings,
And the lumps of suet as they'd put in,
Was big as my two thumbs,
And what they didn't eat that day,
Next morning they ate up fried,
And the noble lord stood by.

Heigh!
Heigh! Heigh-o!
Don't you know
Little dog burned his tail,
And he's got to be hung to-morrow.

A stick and a stake,
For King George's sake.
I pray thee old dame
Give us a faggot or two,
And if not, we'll take two
As us used to do.

O. L. HATCHER.

Correspondence

THE METAPHOR OF THE IRON RING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With the correspondence between Gerhart Hauptmann and Romain Rolland your readers are doubtless familiar, yet one or two phases of this counterplay of two elect minds deserves emphasis. Hauptmann, it will be recalled, first wrote to Rolland protesting against the application by France of the epithet barbarian to Germany. Rolland very handsomely disavowed the word for himself and intellectual France, but challenged Hauptmann, as representing the noblest sentiment of Germany, to clear her of reproach or misunderstanding by condemning the needless havoc wrought on prostrate Belgium. The retort of the author of "Die Versunkene Glocke" was a forthright one. Romain Rolland was merely a coward, pleading for Belgium to-day because fearing a like fate for France to-morrow. So, probably, the incident is closed, for Hauptmann's brutal taunt merits no notice.

The incident, then, is closed, save for the verdict of the men of letters of the world. As a very obscure member of that craft, yet one jealous of the dignity of his calling, I wish to ask how a poet and idealist can for a moment mistake a splendid *élan* of compassion for a stricken people for physical fear. The sensitive poet, Gerhart Hauptmann, would seem incapable of such a misreading of motives, and suddenly the war turns him into a *miles gloriosus*. His case is not single. Almost without exception, the best minds of Germany have championed their Fatherland merely by reckless imputations against her foes. They speak the words of angry men, of angry men of very common type. We meet the anomaly that as Germany mounts her tragic Calvary, she storms and mutters through her ablest mouths with the manners and phrases of a defiant criminal, faces her ordeal with shrunken and diminished soul. It is as if her mind were clouded by a rage, so that she can no longer creditably express herself before the court of civilization. Bewildered observers of the bankruptcy of her higher capacity at her hour of utmost need can only lay the strange phenomenon to the inherent weakness of her cause. The advocate rather quickly sinks to the level of the cause he espouses.

The only approach to a rational apology for Germany's course offered by Gerhart Hauptmann was a metaphor, which, since he used it twice, must be a favorite with him. Germany was encompassed by an iron ring which threatened to crush her chest, the chest has swelled at last, and the iron ring is shattered. The figure of an unfairly trammelled titan struggling for the right to breathe is calculated to win sympathy. But as a writer I have found it prudent to accept no figure of speech until I have also considered the fact signified. What is the fact in this case?

Germany, whose territory has been steadily increased for two generations, whose science and commerce have been brilliantly successful, finds herself here and there incommoded by her neighbors. For in simple prose the iron ring is merely so many nations, many with a right in the sun historically antedating that of the German Empire, each with its own legitimate ideals of growth each with a civilization precious to itself and valuable to the world. In such a situation there will be clashes, but there is compensation in positive relations of helpfulness, admiration, and mutual interest. Thus interpreted, the iron ring becomes simply a false metaphor. Every nation and every individual might be said as truly to be cramped within an iron ring. It is the normal human state. The right which Hauptmann asserts to burst the iron ring is simply the right to destroy these surrounding nations and slaughter their people. It is not only an inhuman doctrine, but also a bad metaphor, for the ring, like all things human, is infinitely flexible, and the national, as the individual, duty is one of adjustment to the encompassing ring, here giving, there taking, as reason dictates.

Now mark the awful potency of false thinking. Persist long enough in a monstrous delusion, and you may make it a dire fact. Through falsely thinking she was straining against an iron ring, Germany to-day finds herself no longer figuratively but quite literally in that plight. Truly an iron ring is closing about her chest, her breath is already shortened, her very life perhaps measured.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Princeton, N. J., October 9.

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PERPLEXITIES OF A BRITISH LOVER OF AMERICA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Before me, as I write, lies a weighty document to which one of the signatories is the United States of America. It embodies the results of the Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907. One section of this paper (Convention Concerning the Laws and Customs of War on Land) consists of a recitation of the practices which the signers solemnly undertake to abstain from in the prosecution of a war. Among the provisions in this code are the following:

Undefended towns shall not be bombarded (Article 25; also Article 1 of Naval Code).

Pillage is expressly prohibited (Arts. 28 and 47).

Illegal contributions must not be levied (Arts. 49 and 52).

Militia and volunteer corps enjoy the rights of belligerents (Art. 1).

The seizure of funds belonging to private persons or local authorities is prohibited (Arts. 46, 53, and 56).

Collective penalties for individual acts are forbidden (Art. 50).

Every effort must be made to spare buildings dedicated to public worship, art, science, or charitable purposes (Art. 56).

The terrorization of a country by outrages on its civilian population is forbidden (Art. 46).

It is forbidden to make improper use of a flag of truce, of the national flag, of the military insignia and uniform of the enemy, or of the distinctive signs of the Geneva Convention (Art. 23); and it is forbidden to kill or mutilate the wounded, or to kill and wound by treachery (Art. 23).

The weight of evidence that Germany has flagrantly violated most of these regulations is overwhelming, even if we omit those in the last paragraph as difficult to prove and peculiarly liable to exaggeration.

The question, then, seems to arise obviously and inevitably: What is the position in these circumstances of the other signatories to the code?

The United States of America was not one of the guarantors of the neutrality of Belgium. Hence, whatever may have been the feelings of its citizens, it was not, as a nation or government, legally called on to interfere. True, the action of Germany was a direct attack on the principles of liberty and independent nationality, of which the United States of America is rightly considered as one of the greatest protagonists. But it may be granted that civilization has not yet progressed so far that intervention on a purely ideal ground can be held to be a matter of practical politics—even for a country with 90,000,000 inhabitants, and wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.

But unless the "scrap of paper" theory is to be applied indiscriminately to all contracts and treaties between nations, what is the exact value or meaning of the signatures of other Powers, including the United States, to the decisions of the Hague Conference? Do they mean only a promise that the signatory will itself observe those decisions? Or do they go further, and involve the obligation that each signatory state shall, so far as lies in its power, enforce the observance on any signatory that violates them? It cannot be maintained that such an obligation goes so far as to involve undertaking war for the purpose of enforcing observance, but surely it involves *some* effort to procure it? Can a great nation afford to put its name to a document, and then stand by in icy neutrality while that document is being torn to shreds by another of the high contracting parties? Is the conduct of Germany in this regard really as much a matter of indifference to the United States of America as to China or Abyssinia? It is obvious that the signature of Germany is worthless, and that the signature of Great Britain is being honored. But has, or has not, the value of that of the United States of America been somewhat impaired? Germany's word was given to America as much as to England. Can America, then, consonantly with its dignity and honor, allow Germany to snap its fingers at her, and say, "Well, what are you going to do about it"?

Is it the hopeless delusion of a directly interested party that makes me see this war as different from almost every other war in history? Is it, or is it not, the case that this struggle is not merely between one group of nations and another, but between the attackers and the defenders of civilization as hitherto understood? Even the warfare of Napoleon began as a continuation of that defence of national liberty which animated the first resistance of the French Republic to foreign dictation; and it was only by gradual stages that it came to mean the glutting of personal and selfish ambition. Napoleon gave lip-homage, at least, to the doctrine of liberty; but the cynical frankness of Germany has removed all possibility of misunderstanding, and has made the issue clear from the very beginning. We may admit that the instinct of self-preservation is mingled with England's sense of national honor in this great crisis; but we have also to admit that it was the need of the little country, Belgium, that put England's decision beyond the peradventure of a doubt, and made it immediate and (in the gravest and deepest sense) "popular."

Need we attach too much importance to the Russian bugbear? Have we any reason to expect anything worse from Russian "barbarity" than we have already experienced from German "culture"? Is not the recent story of Belgium one of the most appalling pages in human history—perhaps the most appalling of all? And is not the German plea of provocation precluded by the fact that the Germans themselves had no legitimate belligerent rights in Belgium, but were there as pirates or burglars? Russia, too, is surely on the upward grade, whereas Germany seems to be revealing the fruits of the acme of her civilization. Is not this civilization the perfection of intellectualism and materialism, with the spiritual and moral element almost wholly omitted from international relations? And does not this omission involve a state of never-ending war? Unfortunately for the Germans, this attitude has led them to ignore utterly the soul of the British people. Accustomed themselves to work on a carefully organized system, with every detail pigeon-holed and every logical contingency provided for, they seem to have been totally unprepared for a spontaneous outburst in response to an urgent call, and for the immediate creation of the machinery demanded by the crisis.

I prefer to say nothing about America's own eventual danger should Germany prove successful. Brazil and the Monroe Doctrine are not at present in the limelight. I refuse, too, to believe that the heart of the great American people is adequately represented by the somewhat pettifogging sentence from Mr. Champ Clark's speech quoted in the *Times* of September 22 ("We are here to-night in an effort to encourage peace-making in the Old World, partly out of motives of humanity, but largely because we do not want to be injured"). I simply ask whether this is, in the last analysis, a warfare for ideals, and if these are the ideals of the United States of America, what should be its attitude? Should it be, must it be, that of a neutral, equally friendly to both parties and waiting quietly for the chance to insinuate proposals of peace—to be made, according to Mr. Clark, from materially interested motives? Is not the necessity of the case something wider and deeper than can be met by an ordinary peace based on comparatively unimportant mutual concessions? Is it not inevitably a fight to a finish, and is not the United States of America enormously interested in having that "finish" in one way only?

We cherish the hope that the Allies will need no material assistance from the United States of America in achieving their ends. Those of us, however, who love America must pray that she will definitely declare herself on the side of popular liberty, if for nothing else than for the preservation of the full measure of our love and admiration.

James F. Muirhead.

London, September 1.

MONTAIGNE ON WAR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Gamaliel Bradford's citation from Shakespeare in the *Nation* of October 1 reminds a reader of Montaigne of the following passage in his essay, "De la Praesumption":

Et ne fut jamais temps et lieu où il y eust pour les princes loyer plus certain et plus grand proposé à la bonté et à la justice. Le premier qui s'avisera de se pousser en faveur et en crédit par cette voye là, je suis bien deceu si à bon conte il ne dévance ses compaignons. La force, la violence peuvent quelque chose, mais non pas toujours tout (1588).

Grace Norton.

Cambridge, Mass., October 2.

"PRUSSIANISM" AND WHAT-NOT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letter of your correspondent, Frank Jewett Mather, jr., in your issue of September 24, is most unfair in its strictures on Prussia and "Prussian militarism." If anything is clear in this war, it is that your correspondent's "liberal, intelligent, and kindly Brunswickers, Hanoverians, Saxons," etc., are one heart and one soul with his "arrogant Prussians" in backing this war and in standing behind the Emperor. A somewhat more eminent authority than your correspondent—the late Thomas Carlyle—had a quite different opinion of Prussia and of the wonderful family of Hohenzollern, to which Prussia, and through it Germany, owes its greatness. A perusal of the introductory chapters to Carlyle's "Life of Frederick the Great" is strongly recommended to your correspondent and to those holding similar views.

I defy your correspondent, in the entire line of Prussian monarchs, to point out a royal Bluebeard like Henry VIII, a Mary with the historical epithet "Bloody," an enthroned demi-virgin like Elizabeth, and a Lothario gay (until grown gray) like the Paris-loving predecessor of the present King of England. The Prussian monarchs—since 1640, when the first preëminent Hohenzollern, Frederick William the Great Elector, mounted the throne—are all paragons of excellence compared with monarchs of the Allies, with Russia's imperial harlots, Catherine and Elizabeth, France's profligates, Louis XIII, XIV, and XV, and Belgium's malodorous King "Cleopold."

It is hardly necessary to dwell on the fact

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that, both as regards Prussia and as regards the danger of "Slavic peril" in the event of Russian domination on the Continent of Europe, your correspondent's opinion is utterly at variance with that of the learned dean of the School of Political Science at Columbia, Prof. John W. Burgess, and of the eminent historian, Prof. William N. Sloane.

MAXIMUS A. LESSER.

New York, September 26.

THE WAR AND SOCIALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Dismayed by the unmistakable collapse of the German Socialist party's fabric of theory, thinking Socialists of the United States and elsewhere have been forced to note this monumental object-lesson and inquire into the causes of what is to them so striking a disaster to their cherished hopes. Undeniably, there is throughout the Socialist ranks an extraordinary state of trepidation over the unexpected development.

To understand the extent of the consternation, it is only necessary to point out the acclamation given generally to the German Socialist party before the outbreak of the present great European war. It was the first party of the sort ever established. It was religiously accepted by the Socialist parties of many other countries as the great model, and its methods and tactics were imitated and emulated. It had the largest and most unified organization of any Socialist party in the world. And with such phenomenal steadiness had its enrolment, voting strength, and Parliamentary representation grown, that comparatively few Socialists anywhere doubted the soundness of its theory.

This was the party that proclaimed its mission to be that of emancipating the working class from the thraldom of capitalism. This was the party that so persistently avowed its unrelenting opposition to brute force, and, especially, to militarism. It vociferously denounced wars as the products of capitalist aims, and declared that it would never, no, never, lend itself to any scheme of the ruling clique whereby the workers of one country were called upon to butcher the workers of another.

Keen observers noted that it avoided formulating any definite plan by which war could be effectively averted. But when this defect was pointed out, the leaders replied by a new avalanche of assertion. Had they not the most compactly disciplined and completely ruled organization in the world? Their iron discipline could be depended upon. Moreover, the real way to abolish war, so they sanguinely proclaimed, was by the force of exposure and denunciation of its purposes. And so their presses emitted vast quantities of books, pamphlets, magazines, and newspapers, and they had, at the same time, an extensive staff of paid organizers, speakers, and lecturers. Patriotism, they argued, was a relic of tribal days, skilfully kept alive by an intriguing ruling class for its ulterior profit and aggrandizement.

But behold! in a twinkling the whole elaborate structure of theory has been proved a colossal pretension, a monstrous self-deception. The mother organization precipitately did the very thing that it had so long and so aggressively vowed that it would never do. It supported war. It voted for the war budget. Its newspapers printed patriotic articles. Its men adherents (comprising, it is reckoned, one-fifth of the German army), instantly obeyed military orders, and forthwith went out to shoot and be shot. Its accredited delegates, sent on a special mission, sought to induce the Italian Socialists to influence Italy to coöperate indirectly with Germany; they were spurned and contemptuously denounced.

During the French Revolution members of the National Assembly unflinchingly went to the guillotine for their convictions, yet not a single German Socialist leader, so far as is known, invited death by refusing to go to war, or by counselling others not to do so. And if their own theory is right that wars are of capitalist manufacture, then the only end of the formidable German Socialist organization has been to fight for the very capitalist interests that it vaunted it was organized to crush!

But this ghastly mockery is not unexplainable. In method, the German Socialist party was organized on Prussian lines, with a suspicious resemblance to Prussian military formation. The carefully inculcated Prussian ideal of a rigid obedience to constituted authority and a practical suppression of criticism was imitated by the German Socialist party. The consequence was the discouragement and virtual penalizing of a critical attitude and individual thought on the part of the mass of membership, and the development of a cult and bureaucracy whose dogma and edicts were not to be questioned. With the typically Prussian habit of obedience to authorized committees so strongly intrenched, the whole German Socialist party acquiesced in the decision of the majority of its august Parliamentary leaders and its Executive Committee to support the war.

Parenthetically, it may be said that the Socialist party in the United States is established on the same lines of Prussian discipline, having been founded by Germans in the United States, and long influenced by resident Germans. Equally so, the only Socialist writings long used by the Socialists in the United States were the German works either in their original form or paraphrased by natives of the most mediocre ability. Consequently, we have seen the authorized committees of the American Socialist party degenerate into mere drummers for the organization machine; and to insure their "party discipline" we have seen them indirectly or formally boycott and blacklist Socialist magazines presuming to criticise party tactics; independent Socialist writers and speakers have virtually been proscribed by Socialist officialdom, and many members suspended or expelled in "heresy hunts" usually cloaked under some pretext.

As the German Socialist organization grew and prospered, pomp and dogma supplanted spirit at the expense of character. It could profess to have numbers, resources, political power, prestige, but it lacked genuine character. Materialist to the core, it necessarily placed no valuation upon spiritual qualities of which character is one great manifestation. It increasingly moved in a loquacious and hard-set world of theories and phraseology, extolling its machine and its numbers, caring nothing for the soul of things, and priding itself with being able to explain every human impulse, aspiration, and movement—in short, all of the phenomena of mankind—by a hard-and-fast economic doctrine. And what has been true of the German Socialist party has been generally true of some other Socialist parties.

Already Socialist politicians in the United States are giving out plausible explanations and justifications for the course of the German Socialist party. Is it not a significant characteristic that even after their theory of action has been so impressively proved to be a sham they continue to insist that it is right?

A FORMER MEMBER.

New York, October 12.

SYMPATHY FOR BELGIUM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Distance necessarily dulls sympathy because it requires an effort of the imagination to picture what is not before the eye. It is for this reason, doubtless, that there has not been that immense manifestation of popular indignation against Germany for its treatment of Belgium and of sympathy for the unfortunate Belgians which would undoubtedly have been shown by Americans if they could have acutely realized the position of Belgium and its people.

Let any one picture to himself, say Maine or Connecticut, as an independent country, peaceful, prosperous, and happy, without political ambitions, with no desire to disturb its neighbors, and secured, as it thought, by a treaty to which its powerful neighbors were parties. Suddenly, one of these demands that this little country shall cease to be neutral, and when it refuses to depart from the peaceful position it occupies in Europe that powerful neighbor forthwith ravages it with sword and fire. Let any American living quietly in his home think what this means—homes destroyed, women and children sick wandering over the country. One knows how carefully, in these days, those who are ill are tended. What do Americans think of the old and the delicate fleeing from burning houses?

At this moment, I have in my house two Belgian young ladies who have had to fly from Belgium almost penniless, with nothing but a small package of clothes. Around the committee rooms in London you may see homeless peasant women and children, their husbands dead or fighting for their country. Yet we hear in this country of no great popular expressions of feeling in America. Diplomatic neutrality may be necessary, but this should not prevent that expression of sympathy or offers of help which would certainly be forthcoming in the United States if its citizens would put themselves mentally in the position of the inhabitants of the peaceful and once prosperous Belgium.

E. S. ROSCOE.

London, October 2.

A WANTONLY MISUSED WORD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* for October 1, page 406, Elizabeth Waddell writes interestingly on the "Various Abuses of Words." May I ask her if she does not agree with me that the word "universal" is one of the most wantonly misused words in our language? I ask because in her letter she twice wantonly misuses this word and because I want to call general, not universal, attention to this wanton misuse of the word in the United States. J. B. CRISP.

Masonic Home, Springfield, Ohio, October 7.

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Literature

THE GOLDEN BOUGH: ANOTHER INSTALMENT.

Balder the Beautiful: The Fire Festivals of Europe and the Doctrine of the External Soul [being a part of the series called the Golden Bough]. By J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., Professor of Social Anthropology in the University of Liverpool. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co.

In the preface to these volumes, which Mr. Frazer describes as the concluding part of that vast storehouse of custom, folk-lore, and primitive superstition which we have come to know as the Golden Bough series, the author makes three confessions which will not surprise those who, having studied the preceding volumes of the series, peruse this part also. One of these confessions is that the aim of the books has been and now is not to establish any theory or theories, but to present an immense multitude of facts out of which theories may hereafter be built up with a fuller confidence than is at this moment possible.

My contribution to the history of the human mind consists of little more than a purely provisional classification of facts gathered almost entirely from printed sources. In this, as in other branches of study, it is the fate of theories to be washed away like children's castles of sand by the rising tide of knowledge, and I am not so presumptuous as to expect or desire for mine an exemption from the common lot. I hold them all very lightly and have used them chiefly as convenient pegs on which to hang my collections of facts. For I believe that while theories are transitory, a record of facts has a permanent value, and that as a chronicle of ancient customs and beliefs my book may retain its utility when my theories are as obsolete as the customs and beliefs themselves deserve to be.

The second confession is that the title of the original book which has now grown into a connected group of books, viz., "The Golden Bough," with its concomitant the Priest of the Grove at Nemi, who obtained his office by slaying his predecessor and was himself fated to be slain by another aspirant, is but a small part of the subject dealt with in these books. It is a particular problem of ancient mythology which has been used to introduce "questions of more general interest which concern the evolution of human thought from savagery to civilization." The author does not add, but we suspect the fact to be so, that his studies began from the Bough and the Priest, and that as he advanced from one parallel custom or legend or superstition to another, the whole panorama gradually unrolled itself before him. Lastly, he admits—and this is most to our present purpose—that the picturesque Scandinavian tale or myth of Balder, the beautiful and universally beloved deity who was killed by a piece of mistletoe thrown at him by the blind god Hodur, may have really nothing to do with the Priest of Nemi and his Bough, tempting as the similarity is, but may belong to a different order of conceptions. Anyhow, Balder plays but a small part in this book, which is occupied with a number of topics but faintly connected with his tale, and the relation of which with one another becomes clear only through our author's theories seeking to link them together.

The first volume, beginning with a chapter on the curious "tabu," which forbids certain priests and kings to touch the earth, proceeds to describe at great length the customs which require the seclusion of girls at the age of puberty, and then sets forth at still greater length the numerous modes of holding fire festivals, sometimes in Lent, sometimes on May Day, sometimes in the autumn, more frequently at Halloween, but most often at midsummer. The second volume carries on the inquiry by examining the ceremonies of burning men or animals as a sacrificial rite, or passing them through flame and smoke, or setting fire to images representing them. Then we pass to what is the most curious part of the whole subject, the belief in the existence of a principle of life which dwells outside the body and is usually kept for safety in some secure spot where no one would be likely to find and destroy it. This is what our author calls the External Soul; and the numerous illustrations of the belief which he has collected from many sources present a striking picture of the forms which the thought of primitive man takes. That the soul, or vital principle, is separable from the body in lifetime as well as at death is a practically universal belief among uncivilized races, and appears in the legends and stories of many peoples as well as in their ceremonial usages; and some races, like the West African savages described by Miss Mary Kingsley, raise the number of souls to four.

There are many objects in which the external soul may have its residence. Perhaps the commonest is an animal, and in not a few countries a beast or bird of prey is preferred as the dwelling place, because the creature in which the soul resides becomes a sort of relative, or at least a friend and ally, of the human being, and as such can aid him by defending him or attacking his enemies. A leopard, a wolf, a serpent, are frequent homes for the external soul, less frequently an eagle or hawk or vulture. But the soul may dwell also in a tree or a plant. Our author tells of an ancient oak at Dalhousie, near Edinburgh, which was, as late as the year 1874, deemed by the older inhabitants of the place to be so connected with the family of the Earls of Dalhousie that the fall of a large branch from it was thought to announce, and was in fact immediately followed by, the death of the eleventh Earl. A still more instructive case is that of an ancient tree growing inside a private imperial garden within the Forbidden City at Peking, which was, as late as 1901, held to be the Life Tree of the Manchu dynasty, and was then in a dying state, despite all the care which the gardeners lavished upon it. The year 1912 saw the fall of the dynasty. In these cases the superstition had outlived the belief that the tree held the soul, but there are plenty of instances given in the book (chapter xi) to show what was the origin of the superstition.

So, too, the soul may reside in inanimate objects. He who fears for the safety of his soul will often deposit it in some remote and secret hiding place, in a box or a bag, as in one of the tales of the Arabian Nights. Seyf-el-Mulook finds and destroys the external soul of the jinnee who held captive the lady of his affections; whereupon the jinnee dies, and the lady is set free. This doctrine of the separable soul is of course connected with that of the were-wolf and with the power of human beings to transform themselves into animals, passing back at will into human shape. It is also intimately related, as our author points out, to Totemism, for the soul may dwell in the animal or object, which is the Totem, and in a sense the second personality, of the man or woman. This part of the treatise is one of the most interesting in these volumes, or, indeed, in the whole work, for it seems to admit one furthest into the thoughts of primitive man, and it has given rise to not a few picturesque tales. Its direct connection with the Golden Bough, that is, with the mistletoe, and with Balder, who was killed by the branch of mistletoe thrown innocently at him, appears in the notion that the mistletoe is the visible and external soul of the tree on which it grows as a parasite.

The idea that the life of the oak was in the mistletoe was probably suggested by the observation that in winter the mistletoe growing on the oak remains green while the oak itself is leafless. But the position of the plant, growing not from the ground, but from the trunk or branches of the tree, might confirm this idea. Primitive man might think that the Oak Spirit had, like himself, sought to deposit its life in some safe place, and for this purpose had pitched upon the mistletoe, which, being in a sense neither on earth nor in heaven, might be supposed to be fairly out of harm's way. "Primitive man seeks to preserve the life of his human divinities by keeping them poised between earth and heaven, as the place where they are least likely to be assailed by the dangers that encompass the life of man on earth" (Vol. II, p. 280).

In a striking passage at the close of the book, Dr. Frazer describes the progress of man's thought when we trace it down the ages from primitive times, as being an advance from magic to religion and from religion to science.

In magic man depends on his own strength to meet the difficulties and dangers that beset him on every side. He believes in a certain established order of nature which he can manipulate for his own ends. When he discovers his mistake and recognizes sadly that both the order of nature he had assumed and the control he had believed himself to exercise over it were purely imaginary, he ceases to rely on his own intelligence and his own unaided efforts, and throws himself on the mercy of certain great invisible beings behind the veil of nature, to whom he now ascribes those far-reaching powers which he

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once arrogated to himself. Thus in the acuter minds magic is gradually superseded by religion, which explains the succession of natural phenomena as regulated by the will, the caprice, or the passion of spiritual beings like man in mind, though vastly superior to him in power.

He then proceeds, in a passage too long to quote, to argue that when man perceives that there is a uniformity in nature and a regular succession of events, effect steadily following cause, he reverts to that conception of a regularity in the order of natural events which had been implicitly assumed in magic. This statement is in so far true that magic may be described as a sort of crude and primitive form of science, because certain expedients which the wizard or medicine man employs are deemed calculated to have certain definite results. Much the same, however, is true of the early religions. Sacrifices are believed to please and propitiate the deity, whose action may be determined by the acceptability of the offerings made him. Man always acts upon the scientific principle which assumes that certain antecedents will be followed by certain consequents. His real upward progress is marked by the fact that he ceases to rely upon superficial analogies and imaginary relations of one thing to another, and begins to substitute the observation of facts for his own fancies. The most curious part of the matter is that long after he has entered the stage of exact observation, man continues to cling to ancient practices and beliefs essentially incompatible with the growth of his knowledge and of his reasoning faculty. The grounds of this singular persistence may be found, partly in the fact that the habit of close observation and exact inference has not yet in any country permeated the bulk of the population, partly in the association (in many men and in an even larger number of women) of old superstitions with the recollections of childhood. We must also allow for the feeling that, "After all, there may be something in it," "If it does no good, at least it can do no harm." It is that sort of feeling which prompts a man, even if he is half-ashamed of it, to invite a fourteenth guest to dinner or to turn a silver coin when he sees the new moon through glass, or to tap upon wood and say "unberufen" when he has made some boast which may provoke that retributive misfortune which the Greeks called Nemesis.

Dr. Frazer dwells more than once upon the miserable state of primitive man, always trying to defend himself by some sort of magical device from the evils due to the omnipresent influences of malignant spirits which surrounded him on all sides. One can hardly exaggerate the strength and generality of the belief in the abundance and activity of the spirits. But our author may perhaps underestimate the amount of pleasure which man derived from his constant efforts to combat or get round the spirits. The elaborate and often cruel or disgusting ritual which was designed to counterwork their malign influences made to our remote ancestors no small part of the interest of life. And those ceaseless sacrifices of animals which seem to us repulsive were to them occasions of enjoyment. A European tourist in India is revolted when he sees a goat's throat cut in honor of Siva; but a man so refined as the poet Horace could indite a charming little ode in honor of the sacrifice of a kid to the fountain of Bandusia. Mankind will always be doing something, and draws delight from its activities. Superstition was, as Lucretius said in a famous line, the source of unnumbered ills, and cast many a dark shadow upon life; yet it could also associate itself with joy, and it gave to the ancient world and the Middle Ages nearly all their festivals, not to speak of romantic legends and themes for moving poetry.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Greenstone Door. By William Satchell. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This story of the early days of New Zealand recalls in many ways the work of Joseph Conrad. Its theme is the contact of the white race with a savage race; in action it lags a little, but by way of compensation it abounds in striking and brilliant description. It enters deeply into the heart and spirit of the Maori tribesmen, among whom the hero grows up. When Cedric Tryarthen is a child of two, his father, a "pakeha-maori" (white man living as a native), is killed in an attack on the village by a hostile tribe. Saved from the Maori spears by an English trader and a missionary, the boy is adopted by the trader, Purcell, and is brought up in his family. Purcell also lives among the natives, and has taken a Maori wife. His daughter, Puhi-huia, loved by Cedric as a foster-sister, is a singularly graceful and appealing figure. It is not easy to recall a finer piece of writing of its kind than the account of the siege and capture of the Maori stronghold, with the tragic death of Puhi-huia and her young Maori lover. But the dominating character of the story is Purcell himself, a man of Plutarchian simplicity and strength. Having lived among the Maoris for so many years, and being bound to them by the most intimate of ties, he is forced by the great rebellion to choose between them and his own people. To the last moment he strives for peace; he cannot bear arms against the English, but neither can he desert his adopted people. He takes their side, not to fight, but to advise them and suffer with them; and at last, generous and noble as he is, dies the death of a traitor to his race. The situation is one of hopeless and appalling irony. As for Cedric Tryarthen himself, he is overshadowed by his foster-father: he is not much more than an interesting point of view for the story. The English heroine is unimportant, and seems a needless concession to conventionality. A brief glossary defines the Maori words, many of which, the author tells us, "have long since been adopted into the English language as it is written and spoken in the Dominion." We wish that other writers of stories of distant lands, including Mr. Kipling, had often followed this considerate plan.

The Layman Revato. By Edward P. Buffet. New York: Douglas C. McMurtrie.

This is a book which the reader may call fiction or preaching or archæology, according to his mood, and may enjoy or find tedious according to his taste. The scene is laid in India, in the time of Asoka, the great king who for a brief season made Buddhism the national religion, and ostensibly the thesis of the story is the perplexed anguish of a young lay brother whose mind is distracted between the conflicting claims of Buddhistic renunciation, as the author understands that gospel, and the Hellenic conception of abundant life, which the hero hears from the mouth of a Greek architect employed by the king, and from the more persuasive lips of the daughter, with whom, of course, he must fall in love.

Mr. Buffet knows his Pāli literature well, and altogether the best feature of his work is the archæological skill with which he has reproduced the color of the old Buddhistic life by weaving together incidents and fragments of conversation from the riches of the Pāli canon. Particularly convincing is the contrast in character of the formalistic monk Kondañño and of the more humbly pious Bhāradvājo. But the story itself moves languidly, partly, no doubt, owing to the stiffness of the author's style. Phases such as the "obsolescence of social goodness," which are pardonable in translation where they represent the abstract texture of Hindu speech, are something worse than pedantic when they clutter up the narration. And there is a more serious blemish. The conflict between Buddhistic and Hellenic ideals is regarded by Mr. Buffet as similar in nature to that between the philosophies of Tolstoy and Nietzsche, whereas he ought to have known that Buddha would have had little sympathy with the morbid doctrine of the Russian, and Nietzsche himself utterly repudiated the Platonism which is here set forth as the flower of Greek culture. As a matter of fact, Mr. Buffet is really concerned with the counter claims of a gospel of renunciation which he attributes with some misunderstanding to the disciples of Gotama, and of a doctrine mediating between the "will to refrain" and the "will to act" which he ascribes to Christianity. "As if the eye of man should dwell most intently *upon* divinity and not rather, *like* divinity, upon suffering humanity," he reflects, for his hero—a reflection which belongs to no true Buddhist, but to a modern radical confused by humanitarian doubts.

There is something odd about Mr. Buffet's scholarship. He apparently knows his Pāli at first hand, but he misquotes a famous Sanskrit phrase scandalously, and, though he presumes to copy out lines of Greek poetry, he three times refers to τὸ Ἐν — alas for Aristotle!

A curious book of self-imposed learning,

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not without various interest to this reviewer at least.

An Unfinished Song. By Mrs. Ghosal (Srimati Svarna Kumari Devi). New York: The Macmillan Co.

The author is a high-caste Hindu, sister of the now famous poet, Rabindranath Tagore. She was reared in the zenana, and married very young, but to a husband who gave her great freedom and encouragement. She was "one of the first Bengali ladies to mix freely in society." While still in her teens she wrote a novel which, published anonymously, won remarkable success; during the quarter-century which has passed since then she has written a large number of novels, poems, and plays. This novel is a story of life among the class of Bengali who have responded most thoroughly to contact with Western society and literature. "It shows," says the author in her Preface, "the change that touch with Europe has brought upon the people of India, but in their inner nature the Hindus are still quite different from Western races. The ideals and traits of character that it has taken thousands of years to form are not affected by a mere external change." Speaking more strictly, the story shows the changed exterior and conceals rather than reveals the inner nature of this society. It is a society imitative, consciously Europeanized. They deal in the literary catchwords of England; they quote from and talk about Shakespeare and Shelley and George Eliot. English is the preferred speech: "That the love letters of a Bengali youth, whose life is one great imitation, should be written in his native tongue—this preposterous idea would not occur to any one." The love story here told has hardly a suggestion of Oriental flavor. The heroine is altogether free to choose her own mate. The villain who almost wins her has betrayed another (English). The hero is a benign and faithful lover, who is willing to sacrifice himself to his beloved's happiness quite according to the code of English romance. It is, in short, a simple and pleasant story of a type very familiar to Western readers.

The Rose of Roses. By Mrs. Henry Backus. Boston: The Page Co.

It is a character that does not appear in the story at all, except by allusion, that arouses one's deepest interest in this narrative. This character is Philip, the dead son of Pastor Holt, whom his father's stern injunction had kept from marrying the winsome Toni, niece of his *Hausfrau*, in Jena. The pastor meets Toni a few years afterward, under odd circumstances. Toni wants to escape from her surroundings in Bremen, which are not altogether pleasant, and at the insistence of another youth from America, the country from which Philip had come, takes passage on the boat with him, with the idea of trying her fortune in the new land. She soon repents of her bargain, and on shipboard makes the acquaintance of the pastor, who is not long in identifying her as the girl whom his letters had prevented his son from marrying. This Philip motif, try as the author does in the latter portion of the book to minimize its seriousness, is tragic; and the final jerk by which the philanthropic youth from America is made to win Toni's hand, and supposedly heart, is anything but convincing or satisfying.

The Blind Spot. By Justus Miles Forman. New York: Harper & Bros.

Mr. Forman in his latest novel has returned from his pleasant excursions in Europe, in the drawing rooms of which he is so very much at home, and takes both scene and inspiration entirely from his own country. The change is welcome, for there is a note of sincerity in "The Blind Spot" which is perhaps heard all the more clearly for the obligato of cosmopolitanism through which it is played. It is a citizen of the world writing of things and people that are essentially American. The broad problems with which the author deals are as wide as the civilized part of the globe, but the particular aspects of them which he singles out for consideration are of native growth. Not only for its sincerity, but for its point of view, Mr. Forman's book is welcome, for it is in substance a defence of the *via media* in social reform as well as in other relations of life—and to pursue the *via media* in these days requires courage. Mr. Forman has a wholesome abhorrence of sociological cranks and of the various quack-doctors of reform who rise up intermittently in our midst to trouble the well-ordered progress of social life; and the career of the central character of his story will be followed with appreciation, perhaps even with a little unholy joy, by those who are quite willing to march with progress if only they are not expected to trample on tradition as they go.

Arthur Stone is a kind of American Bernard Shaw—or rather he is the kind of man that Mr. Shaw would have us believe in. "Common Sense" is the particular nostrum with which the world is to be regenerated; Stone worships efficiency, of the Teutonic variety, but without the saving admixture of Teutonic sentiment. To the standard of common sense—an attractive catchword and so obvious that it is surprising no society has actually been formed for its propagation—rally a number of people who sincerely desire a better adjustment of social conditions and who see in Arthur Stone a heaven-sent leader for the work. But heaven, in point of fact, is the last thing dreamt of in Stone's philosophy. In his nature is a blind spot; he is the efficient man carried through a vicious circle to his logical absurdity. He is concerned about the condition of his fellow-men, not because they are his fellow-men, but because they are inefficient, and he is anxious to make them efficient for the sake of sweet efficiency. The "blind spot," in fact, is a lack of charity, in the biblical sense, and Stone fails in the end, after astonishing success, precisely because he is "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

There is something too good to be true, though, we fear, not quite good enough to be Greek, in the nemesis which dogs Stone's path and leaves him crushed and broken at the end, but there is a genuine touch of Greek irony in the conclusion, where the human man who has taken Stone's place both in his sociological work and in the affections of his fiancée explains, with all charity, that something of Stone still remains, his spirit—the very thing that Stone had spent his career so vigorously denying.

PROFESSOR MÜNSTERBERG'S ARGUMENT.

The War and America. By Hugo Münsterberg. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1 net.

Professor Münsterberg has a marked superiority over most German apologists in not abusing Germany's foes. His method of argument, however, seems directed at a singularly untrained public. He illustrates pretty nearly all the fallacies he has analyzed in his entertaining book on judicial evidence. His major premises he never takes the pains to substantiate. Instead, he reiterates them as axiomatic. "Culturally, Russia is Asia," Russia desires to blot out Western European civilization, hence Germany is fighting for civilization against barbarism, in an inevitable conflict. These fundamental notions are drummed in with Prussian thoroughness. But these are just the postulates that a thoughtful reader wants to have proved. Has Professor Münsterberg never in his pre-psychological days dabbled in logic, or for the reader he has in mind does he think the "vicious circle" will be as convincing as the O of Giotto? Aside from bandying big impressive antitheses—Teuton and Slav, Europe, Asia, etc.—Professor Münsterberg varies his tactics by condescending flattery of America, and by occasional excursions in pure sentiment. The whole *mélange* is highly seasoned, and possibly grateful to the literary palate of the very simple reader for whom it is concocted.

The omniscient tone of the plea is characteristic. Professor Münsterberg stands impressively near the highest sources of information. Servia, he tells us—on authority which naturally is not divulged—would have yielded to the Austrian demands unless heartened to resistance at the last moment by "a cipher dispatch" from St. Petersburg. How "culturally Asiatic" and wholly sinister that cipher dispatch must sound—to one who does not recall that diplomatic dispatches are generally in cipher. Again such a generalization as that Europe means thought while Asia means feeling, and accordingly one must cut the other's throat, is admirably calculated to solve the vexed problem of West and East—in any corner grocery store. And for whom does Professor Münsterberg limn the picture of an idyllic, scholarly, industrial, unaggressive, and wholly pacific Germany reluctantly kept under arms by bellicose neighbors? Plainly, for a reader who has not heard of the partition of Poland, the seizing of Silesia, the

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grasping of Schleswig-Holstein, the annexation of Hanover, the retention of Alsace and Lorraine, and, only yesterday, the premature incorporation of Belgium into the German Empire. Then what kind of a reader is asked to swallow whole the theory of a ruthlessly aggressive Russia menacing all Western Europe? Evidently, a reader who does not know that, first, Russia set conquered Germany on her feet, then Austria threatened by the Hungarian revolution—a reader who does not know that in a hundred and fifty years, when Russia was strong and Central Europe a congeries of weak states, Russia showed no exceptional aggressiveness against European Powers.

To follow the various threads of this kaleidoscopically devised plea, to expose even the major sophistries, would lead us far afield. We must at least note the kind of political philosophy that underlies the surface rhetoric. It is a philosophy not overtly expressed. It would hardly bear ventilation in America. You may sense it in the sharp distinction between "routine agreements like the neutrality treaties," and a "pledge of international honor" like the Triple Alliance. Why is there no pledge of honor in a neutrality agreement? Plainly because it is made with and in behalf of a weak Power. Honor first begins among peers. Thus is honor made in the Germany of Zabern. Again consider the system of international morals implied in the following:

> It was the ethical duty of the Russians to strain every effort for this expansion of their influence, and it was the ethical duty of the Germans and Austrians to strain every effort to prevent it. In the same way, it was the moral right of France to make use of any hour of German embarrassment for recapturing its military glory by a victory of revenge. And it was the moral right of England to exert its energies for keeping the control of the seas and for destroying the commercial rivalry of the Germans. No one is to be blamed.

International morality, that is, consists in the insensate inevitable clash of national egotisms, which, being national, are holy. Machiavelli would not have disowned this delightfully simple and comprehensive *Weltanschauung*. Gobineau, Treitschke, Nietzsche, Houston Stewart Chamberlain have passed it on to Professor Münsterberg. Do Americans like either this apostolic succession, or the doctrine itself? Being Professor Münsterberg's, it must be sound psychologically.

We have left dangling the very interesting question, For what kind of a reader is this skilful blend of dogmatism, innuendo, sophistry, and gush intended? Fortunately, Professor Münsterberg has the candor to make the matter clear. It is addressed to "the American mind" which has an "unusual degree of imitativeness and suggestibility." It is addressed to the individual American who, when excited, tends to become "a mere automatic mechanism in which the thoughts and feelings and impulses of his neighbor control his mind." . . . "There is a lack of individual resistance to prescribed opinions which produces in excited states a colorless, wholesale judgment which may be entirely different from the natural stand of the sober single individual." Elsewhere we learn that in all European matters the American is moved chiefly by a provincial prejudice against the paraphernalia and nomenclature of monarchy. He takes mere names for real things.

Professor Münsterberg may be unreservedly congratulated upon producing a book that is precisely adapted to impress the "American mind," as defined by one of its most distinguished foreign analysts.

APOLOGIA.

Oscar Wilde and Myself. By Lord Alfred Douglas. New York: Duffield & Co. $2.50 net.

Let the reviewer admit at the outset that he is at loss to know how to deal with Lord Alfred Douglas's apologia, just published in this country with some quite unnecessary portraits. Into the unsavory matter which underlies the whole question it is not easy to enter discreetly, and in point of fact the documents are not forthcoming which would enable your reviewer to pass judgment, if he felt disposed to do so. Wilde's "De Profundis," written while he was serving sentence in Reading Gaol, is well known in the form in which it was posthumously published by Wilde's friends in 1905. Eight years later, in a libel suit brought against Arthur Ransome by Lord Alfred Douglas, it came to public knowledge that the still unpublished part of Wilde's manuscript contained virulent attacks on the character of the plaintiff. Passages from the manuscript were read in court, and the whole of it passed through the plaintiff's hands, but he was forbidden by an injunction to print the document, or even sufficient excerpts from it, as he desired, with justificatory comments. It was presented to the British Museum, to be kept under seal until the year 1960. And now, as a kind of rebuttal against that defamation when it shall appear, Lord Alfred Douglas prints his apologia. In the main the charges against him seem to be that he was in some way the corrupter of Wilde, and that he not only failed to befriend Wilde in his time of stress during imprisonment and afterwards, but was actually a drain on Wilde, preventing him from following his career as a poet and sucking away his slender resources. To both these charges the present answer is, in our judgment, clear and convincing. From the dates given by the friendly biographers of Wilde, it is perfectly manifest that he began his corrupt practices before his acquaintance with the unfortunate son of Lord Queensberry, and, if any blame of the sort attaches to the younger man, it is that he clung to Wilde too generously in his downfall and befriended him too fully after his evil character was made manifest. Into the deeper accusation which has followed Lord Alfred Douglas ever since his father brought the calamitous suit against Wilde, we cannot enter. Indiscreet, and perhaps worse than indiscreet, the youthful victim was, by his own confession. He acknowledges his foolish letters and proceedings in defence of Wilde's conduct, and manfully repents of them. The best thing in his favor is the letter of confidence in him from his cousin, the much-honored George Wyndham, which is here printed in facsimile.

But there is another aspect of Lord Alfred Douglas's writing which the critic cannot let pass unnoticed. The whole book is a violent diatribe against the character of one whom for many years the writer befriended against the world, but whom he now presents as a corrupting maleficent influence in literature and a noxious vulgarian in private life. The blackening is done persistently, remorselessly, and, in our judgment, successfully. Wilde comes through the ordeal just such a man and writer as he might reasonably be supposed to have been. But the defamation from this particular pen is not nice, and the tone of the defamer, however his particular charges may accord with the facts, has about it, we shall not hesitate to say, something of the cad. This is a pity; for a frank and properly conducted exposition of Wilde's qualities as man and author is much needed. It is true, as Lord Alfred Douglas asserts, that he is doing real harm to literature through the agency of a certain clique in London who still set him on a pedestal as the artist *par excellence*, and this cult has apparently attained absurd proportions in Russia and other foreign countries. What is to be said of such words as these from the pen of Wilde's biographer, Robert Harborough Sherard:

> In Wandsworth Prison first and then in Reading Gaol, Oscar Wilde's mental development reached a point of transcendency to which never in the world of men he could have hoped to attain. There had been forced upon him the recluse life which had raised many men in the world's history towards the stars, but which, perhaps, never before demonstrated its reforming and enhancing powers in a manner more magnificent, more orbicular, more triumphant. . . . What the real Oscar Wilde was, and of what he was capable, was now to be made patent. In "De Profundis" he laid his soul bare, and the impartial are to judge from that book of the man's new powers as a thinker and as a literary artist. His friends will ask no more than that, reserving to themselves the high delight of taking a holy joy in the lofty virtues which that book reveals, the kindness, the patience, the resignation, the forgiveness of sins so splendid that one may almost believe that in his ardent meditations on Christ he was able to bring the bodily presence of the God who taught these things into his cell, and to learn from the divine lips themselves what is the true secret of human happiness. Critics abroad have said: "There is too much about Christ in 'De Profundis,'" overlooking the fact that the book is, from the first page to the last, inspired by Christ—that no man who had not found Christ could have written that book, nor lived as the man who wrote it did live.

To such nauseating cant there is only one reply—the verse which Lord Alfred Douglas might have chosen for the motto of his at-

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tack—"He which is filthy, let him be filthy still." What shall be said of the "forgiveness" of this saint who filled his meditations, as we now know, with base recriminations against the one whose reputation he had ruined and who was, to his own great detriment, to befriend his ruiner in the years of quick decline? And as for the life which this Christ-like convert "did live" when once more "in the world of men," it would be better for him and his defenders if nothing were said about it. It is regrettable that Lord Alfred Douglas's book is not written in better taste, but it is not easy to handle mud without defilement, and the crushing exposure of Wilde as a second-rate artist and as a man of ignoble character is a sound medicine for one of the dominant cliques of letters to-day in Wilde's own London.

THE LORDS OF PROVIDENCE.

The Colonizing Activities of the English Puritans: The Last Phase of the Elizabethan Struggle with Spain. By Arthur Percival Newton. With an Introduction by Charles M. Andrews. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.50.

Introduced as a work that "fills in the missing parts of our picture and renders intelligible aspects of the scene hitherto obscure," this study of the records of the Providence Company during the period from 1630 to 1641, when it was a formidable rival of the new commonwealth of Massachusetts Bay, offers "a connecting link between the exploits of Drake and Hawkins and the founding of Jamaica." It is also shown that the plans of "the inner circle of the leaders of the opposition to the arbitrary rule of Charles I . . . were matured in secret under cloak of the company's meetings." The importance of the attempt to mobilize the settlers in New England for predatory enterprises in the West Indies is also discussed, though not quite in the American spirit. The English scholar whose work inaugurates a new series from the Yale University Press has used manuscript sources which are still inaccessible to students in the United States, but he has not exhausted the printed materials bearing on his topic. Thus, he has missed the royal commission of February 7, 1638, published by Rymer, which gave the Earl of Warwick and his associates license to take ships, plunder towns, and conquer territories in the West Indies wherever free trade and navigation were denied to Englishmen—the only English charter for "No peace beyond the Line" ever granted by an English sovereign. The work of John Pym in carrying on privateering under this commission is, however, set forth in detail, and his speech in the Short Parliament of 1640, when he urged that the King's backwardness in encouraging colonies of adventure was one of the chief grievances of his subjects, is also cited.

Short work is made by Mr. Newton of some time-honored blunders. Though the charts distinguish between Old and New Providence and place them a thousand miles apart, nearly every historian has confounded the two islands and missed the foundation of a Puritan outpost in the Caribbean in 1630. The error which regards the Warwick faction in the Virginia Company as "mere tools of the court" is also corrected. That Warwick's motive for wrecking the company grew out of his fondness for piracy has long been suspected, but the evidence is not complete without comparing the annals of Bermuda, where Elfrith and Butler were notoriously "pirates accurst," with those of Old Providence, where both men had official warrant to continue their trade. Warwick's earliest predatory ventures began when his ships roved the East and West Indies under a commission from his personal friend, the Duke of Savoy; and he had another squadron taking spoil in the Caribbean up to 1645, when he was Admiral of England for the Long Parliament and fighting against the monarch whose commission had confirmed his predatory habits. Noting the Earl's connection with the English plantations of his time, a connection to which many geographical names bear witness, Mr. Newton suggests that Warwick is entitled to "his due meed of recognition" as an historical figure. Whoever undertakes the proposed task will have to recognize that Warwick cherished militant and rapacious aims altogether inconsistent with those which led Winthrop to found a commonwealth instead of a colony of adventure.

The plan of this work excludes any account of the foundation of New England, except when the "Lords of Providence" interfered with its progress. Thus the project of Lord Saye and Sele and Lord Brooke to found a colony at Saybrook, in Connecticut, furnishes Mr. Newton with the heading of a chapter of which the chief interest lies in the outline of the proposal of these persons of quality to emigrate to New England and found an order of "gentlemen of the country," for whom and their heirs the higher offices should be reserved. The author thinks it most reasonable that the colonists should accept a rule "which very closely represented the Constitution under which all the Puritans had grown up"; but the founders of Massachusetts had other views. Their immortal answer of 1636 reminded the lords that even their qualifications were subject to the customary elections, and that their posterity might be found of inferior desert. Yet Mr. Newton holds that this answer, with its pithy exposure of the fallacy of hereditary political privilege, contains "no material objection" to the demands of these patrons of the Puritan migration. Really, it is worth while to consult Palfrey now and then.

The West Indian ventures of the Providence Company are studied closely by Mr. Newton, and he discloses many interesting features not dealt with by previous chroniclers. Old Providence and the settlement on the adjacent coast at Cape Gracias à Dios were the basis of the hopes of the Puritan lords and their allies in the coming conflict with royal authority. Association, better known in the annals of buccaneering as Tortuga, was a mere speculation; and its social order must have been about the same whether the governors were Dutch traders or agents of the English company which purchased their claim. The annals of Tortuga under the intermittent domination of Huguenot captains or roving knights of Malta show that the island was worthless except as a base for filibustering and for traffic with the buccaneers who hunted cattle in Hispaniola. Providence, under the meticulous rule of its proprietors, had some likeness to a Puritan community, though neither the governors nor the populace could be brought under the moral discipline of the ministers—whom they sent home to be tried by Laud shortly before the island was captured by the Spaniards in 1641. The plundering of Spanish commerce began as an act of reprisal for an attack on the island in 1635, apparently with verbal permission from Charles I. It was extended to Spanish cities under the royal warrant of 1638, and it continued for at least five years after the overthrow of the company's plantations in the Caribbean Sea.

Not much is made of the log of the wonderful voyage Capt. William Jackson made as a servant of Warwick's between 1642 and 1645, when he pillaged in Jamaica and Yucatan and sacked towns along the Spanish Main. Capt. Thomas Cromwell, of Boston, left half a dozen bells to the churches of that town as a memorial of these exploits. In spite of temptation, Mr. Newton refrains from animated narration and picturesque detail, taking warning, perhaps, from the writers who tell the story of the buccaneers, with Esquemeling as their chief authority. He does not shirk economic detail, however, and he tries to unravel the disordered financial statements of the Providence Company. As collections were barred by the Parliamentary privilege of most of the surviving members, the case of the creditors was hopeless, in spite of their claims against Pym's estate.

Plenty of evidence is found to connect Cromwell's "Western Design" and the conquest of Jamaica. The Protector was eager to recover Providence, but it was left to the buccaneers of Jamaica to raise the British flag on Warwick's forts, though the conquests of both Mansfeld and Morgan, which Mr. Newton does not mention, were transitory.

This volume has broken the ice for other students of the records of the Puritan colonies of adventure; but the addition of a bibliography would render it of more service. The author is as sympathetic as any modern can be with the Puritans who held "the least and worst of islands," as Sir William Monson called it, in hope of "damming up Euphrates" by intercepting Spanish treasure before the fleets were joined together at Havana for the voyage towards Seville. But, after all, Winthrop's vision of the future was clearer than that of Pym or Cromwell.

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Notes

"The Divided Medal," by David Skaats Foster, will be published on November 1 by the Franklin Book Company.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce the immediate publication of "The Real Truth About Germany: Facts About the War," by Douglas Sladen.

The autumn list of E. P. Dutton & Co. includes the following recent or forthcoming volumes: "The Wild Knight," by G. K. Chesterton; "English Dramatic Poetry," by Felix E. Schelling; "Tales of the Trail," by James W. Foley; "Poetry: The Renascence of Wonder," by Theodore Watts-Dunton; "The Ego Book," by Vance Thompson; "An Economic History of Russia," by James Mavor; "American Public Opinion," by James Davenport; "Poverty and Waste," by Hartley Withers; "Cervantes' Life," by Robinson Smith; "Sixty Years in the Wilderness; Nearing Jordan," by Sir Henry Lucy; "The Church Revival," by S. Baring-Gould; "Three Free Cities," by Wilson King; "The Dutch East," by J. Macmillan Brown; "England of My Heart," by Edward Hutton; "Things Seen in Sweden," by W. B. Steveni; "A Pilgrimage in Surrey," by James S. Ogilvy; "Trout Fly-fishing in America," by Charles Z. Southard. In fiction the list includes: "Christopher Quarles," by Percy James Brebner; "The Awakening," by Henry Bordeaux; "Tents of a Night," by Mary W. Findlater; "Tansy," by Tickner Edwardes. In the Collection Gallia, edited by Dr. Charles Sarolea, eight new volumes are announced: Gebhart's "Autour d'une Tiare"; Veuillot's "Les Odeurs de Paris" and "Le Parfum de Rome"; Bourgeois's "La Société des Nations"; Constant's "Adolphe"; Nodier's "Contes Fantastiques"; Villiers's "Axël"; Huysmans's "Pages Choisies."

The autumn list of George H. Doran Company includes, in fiction: "The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail," by Ralph Connor; "Innocent: Her Fancy and His Fact," by Marie Corelli; "The House in Demetrius Road," by J. D. Beresford; "The Fakers," by Samuel G. Blythe; "The Laughing Cavalier," by Baroness Orczy; "Quinneys," by Horace Annesley Vachell; "We Are French!" by Perley Poore Sheehan; "On the Staircase," by Frank Swinnerton; "Reminiscences of a Ranchman and the Red Blooded," by Edgar Beecher Bronson; "The Cost of a Promise," by Mrs. Baillie-Reynolds; "The Magic Tale of Harvanger and Yolande," by G. P. Baker; "James," by W. Dane Bank· "To My Beloved," Anonymous; "Tess Harcourt," by Rosamond Napier; "The Mercy of the Lord," by Flora Annie Steel; "The Little House," by Helen S. Woodruff; "Rosemary, for Remembrance," by Norma Bright Carson.—Miscellaneous: "The Memoirs of Francesco Crispi," Vol. III; "Charles Stewart Parnell," by Mrs. Katharine O'Shea (Mrs. Parnell); "Europe Revised," by Irvin S. Cobb; "The Wellknowns," by James Montgomery Flagg; "The Author's Craft," by Arnold Bennett; "A South American Tour," by Annie S. Peck; "From Dublin to Chicago," by G. A. Birmingham; "Letters of an Old Farmer to His Son," by William R. Lighton; "Big Game Fields of America, North and South," by Daniel J. Singer; "For the Comfort of the Family," by Josephine Story; "The Student's Guide," by John Adams; "A Grammar of the Greek New Testament in the Light of Historical Research," by A. T. Robertson.—Children's books: "The Forest Ring," by William C. De Mille; "Wings and the Child," by E. Nesbit; "Cinderella," by Githa and Milicent Sowerby.—Poetry: "Trees: And Other Poems," by Joyce Kilmer; "In Deep Places," by Amelia Josephine Burr.

Doran Company also announces a number of volumes dealing with the war: "How Germany Makes War," by Gen. F. von Bernhardi; "Liberty!" by Arnold Bennett; "The German Army from Within," by a British officer who has served in the German army; "The Russian Army from Within," by a special correspondent; "How the War Began," by W. L. Courtney and J. M. Kennedy; "The Fleets at War," by Archibald Hurd; "The Campaign of Sedan," by George Hooper; "The Campaign Round Liège," by W. L. Courtney and J. M. Kennedy; "The Red Cross in War," by Miss M. F. Billington; "In the Firing Line," by A. St. John Adcook; "Forty Years After," by H. C. Bailey; "A Scrap of Paper," by E. J. Dillon.

The "Essays," by Alice Meynell, now published in this country by Scribners, are a selection from the five previous prose volumes of the author, with the addition of a slight gleaning of hitherto uncollected pieces. As a consequence, they bring little that is new; but they present Mrs. Meynell's known charm and delicacy in more accessible form, and will meet with a warm, if perhaps limited, welcome. The new essays are all apologies, so to speak, for women who, in Mrs. Meynell's judgment, have not been quite understood by the dulled minds of later readers and critics. Mrs. Hutchinson, the stanch Puritan wife, is one of these; though for her the apology is not so necessary or so apparent. The essay is chiefly notable as showing the breadth of a Catholic writer's sympathy. With the pages on "Prue" we are on other ground. For her Mrs. Meynell takes up cudgels—not exactly cudgels, either, but the slenderest sort of rapier—against Thackeray's rather sneering insinuation: "There are four hundred letters of Dick Steele's to his wife, which that thrifty woman preserved accurately." Indeed, exclaims our essayist, "'thrifty' is a hard word to apply to her whom Steele styled, in the year before her death, his 'charming little insolent.'" That is the tone of the defence—let us not say a thrifty but an economic display of whatever of romance the records hold in regard to women otherwise harshly treated. Mrs. Johnson, the great Samuel's "Tetty," comes in for the same kindly gilding, after Macaulay's disparagement; and Madame Roland is made very human. The essay on the latter ends with these characteristic words: "'She leant,' says Riouffe, 'alone against her window, and wept there three hours.'"

If any criticism were to be directed against Mrs. Meynell's style, it might be couched in her own fine phrasing: "So should the writer's work be done, and, with an intention perpetually unique, the poet's." Her language is exquisite—exquisite in the sense of being almost too manifestly "sought out"—the intention is almost too perpetually unique. But she is saved by her taste and the fineness of her thought. There is something really precious in her work.

Between Pierre Loti, the travelling romancer, and Pierre Loti, the travelling observer, there is a wide gap. The warmest admirers of his delicate exactitude in rendering the scenes, sounds, and perfumes of his narrative settings will hardly quarrel with the opinion that his books of pure description are comparatively empty and unsatisfying. Unsustained by action, there is too much of the senses and too little of the intellect in them, and the rhetoric often approaches a stucco magnificence. Of the row of such volumes, in which he has written of lands from China to Morocco, that on Egypt ("La Mort de Philæ," published in 1908) holds only an average place. The chapters on Thebes in Sunlight and The Mosques of Cairo are in his happiest vein, but the pervading querulousness at the English invasion and the hordes of Cook's tourists sometimes affronts good taste. This work has now been translated by W. P. Baines, and issued by Duffield uniform with A. F. Inman's version of "India." The translation has verbal accuracy, and avoids as well as may be the falsity that is almost inevitable in reproducing "word-pictures"; but it is sadly deficient in attention to the felicity of phrasing and the cadence of style which procure so large a part of Loti's effects.

A new edition of W. E. Henley's "shot rubbish" of literary criticism, "Views and Reviews," has been issued by David Nutt, for whom in 1890 the author first collected the volume from the *Scots Observer, Academy, Athenæum*, and other periodicals. After twenty-four years the sub-title—"Essays in Appreciation"—reads as queerly as ever for such an expression of right literary hatreds and prejudices. Showing kindliness and gusto for some authors, upon most it bestows a dogmatic bludgeoning that accords with Henley's boisterous individuality and with the most violent traditions of Edinburgh reviewing. The book's frequent insight, however, and the poet-critic's knack of picturesque and epigrammatic phrasing, give it permanent value among those who can remember that Henley is much more trustworthy in his likes than in his dislikes.

Ozanam's "Poètes Franciscains," well known and honored for half a century in Continental Europe, has at last received an English version ("The Franciscan Poets in Italy of the Thirteenth Century"; Scribner). The book is delightful still, but its services, though memorable, are no longer necessary. Ozanam's essay on St. Francis was perhaps the mainspring of the modern religious-æsthetic Franciscan interest, and his two essays on Jacopone da Todi were pioneer work of an excellent sort; but the progress of the very studies they stimulated has left many of their statements sadly out of date. The translators, Amy E. Nellen and N. C. Craig, have made little attempt to supply the requisite modern corrections. Their numerous notes are mainly futile and often erroneous. Readers of Ozanam will hardly need five-line accounts of Orpheus, St. Augustine, Roland, or Machiavelli; Thomas of Celano has not been canonized; the identity of Brother Pacificus is not known, nor is any extant poem to be attributed to him. The translation itself, however, is exceedingly good; the vigor and charm of the French original have been preserved to a remarkable degree. Among the illustrations are two unfamiliar and very beautiful portraits of St. Francis and St. Clare by Tiberio d'Assisi.

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"The Cavendish Family," by Francis Bickley (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.; $2.50 net), is made unnecessarily long by detailed recitals of whole episodes of English history in which members of the clan participated. Omitting these, we have left a series of biographical sketches, many of considerable interest, ranging from the notorious Bess of Hardwick, builder of the family fortunes, to the Dukes of Devonshire, who have proudly maintained the great Whig tradition to the present day. Of the Cavendishes it may be said, perhaps more truly than of any other great English house, that, from generation to generation, they have deserved well of their country. Statesmen, scientists, scholars and patrons of learning, great landlords and agriculturists, they embody, variously, most of the qualities that go to make the best type of Englishman. Their annals are well summed up in our author's concluding chapter: "Sprung from the loins of a fourteenth-century lawyer, rising to wealth on the devastation of the monasteries, earls by the grace of the first James, dukes for their part in dethroning the second, the Cavendishes may well stand for the type of the English aristocratic family. For four centuries they have kept their name unstained, and their part in history has been an honorable and consistent part."

For a complete contrast to the Cavendishes, we may turn to "The La Trémoille Family," by Winifred Stephens (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.; $2.50 net). From the Crusades to the Revolution, the Trémoilles were typical French nobles. For centuries kinglets in their districts, they yielded perforce to the centralizing policy of Richelieu and Mazarin, sank to the estate of satellites of the dazzling sun at Versailles, and finally went a glimmering in the vast cataclysm of the Revolution. Soldiers by necessity, through the centuries when the French noble was that or nothing, they lend themselves to anecdote—the Cavendishes do not. Of this the author takes full advantage, as also of the excursions and alarums incidental to the life of camp and castle. Swashbucklers that they were, they sent a daughter across the channel to represent them in the troublous days of England's Civil War. Charlotte de la Trémoille, Countess of Derby, is already familiar to us in the pages of Sir Walter Scott. Her defence of Lathom House affords perhaps the most stirring of many stirring chapters in the present book. Having said so much, it is only fair to note the assurance of the author that "the heads of the La Trémoille family may be classed in two categories, those who played a prominent part in war and national affairs, and those who lived quietly the lives of country gentlemen." We are willing to take her word for it, but there is nothing in the book to indicate that the family produced any members fit to take their place beside the great country gentlemen of Holker.

Though he lays no claim to original research, Mr. Strickland Gibson has consulted no small number of authorities and investigated not a little in preparing his volume, "Some Oxford Libraries" (Oxford University Press; 2s. 6d.). It is an interesting and pleasing little book, illustrated by about a dozen views of the principal libraries. The Bodleian, as the first "public" library (in the English sense) in Europe; Merton, the oldest in England; Corpus, St. John's, Queen's, All Souls, and the Radcliffe Camera are the libraries chosen for description. The book is full of quaint anecdotes of royal visits and other matters, and is altogether readable.

The origin of Christianity in Rome is still an unsolved problem. All that can be affirmed with certainty is that the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans presupposes the existence of a church or churches in the capital. To be sure, there is a fourth-century tradition, perhaps derived from Hippolytus, to the effect that Peter came to Rome in the year 42, and died in 67; and there is another tradition, noted by Clement of Alexandria and regarded by Harnack as "very old and well attested" which states that the Apostles were to remain in Jerusalem for twelve years. Though there are obvious difficulties with these traditions, yet the arguments adduced against them are not so compelling as to preclude the possibility of their essential genuineness. In fact, the brilliant Leiden scholar, Professor Lake, who happily for American scholarship has just accepted a call to Harvard, recently confessed: "I am not at all convinced that St. Peter was not the founder of the Roman Church." This negative and tentative adherence to tradition becomes positive and final in the Bampton Lecturer for 1913, George Edmundson, whose work entitled "The Church in Rome in the First Century" (Longmans; $2.50 net) is at once industrious, erudite, and independent. This independence, to which he himself alludes (p. 31), enables him to concentrate for his own purposes into the decade 60-70 A. D. a number of documents which the tradition of critical scholarship inclines to put later, *e. g.*, Acts, First Peter, Hebrews (which, according to Tertullian and our author, was written by Barnabas), Clement of Rome, and the Revelation of St. John. Even the Shepherd of Hermas is to be dated at about 90, while the Didache is thrust forward into the fourth century. Thus equipped with contemporary documents and leaning heavily on late traditions, our skilful author traces with unexpected firmness of detail the movements of St. Peter, namely, his arrival in Rome in the summer of 42; his departure from the city in 45, accompanied by St. Mark, who had just written his Gospel; his appearance in Jerusalem in 46, and in Antioch from 47 to 54; his visit with Barnabas to Corinth in 54, and to Rome and Italy during 55 and 56, and finally his third and last visit to Rome in 63, which was followed in 65 by his First Epistle and his martyrdom. Curiously enough, it would appear that since the encounter of St. Peter and St. Paul in Antioch in the year 49 the two Apostles never met again. It is needless to add that the eight lectures are well documented with footnotes and appendices, and provided with adequate indices.

The first instalments of Cuthbert Hamilton Turner's "Ecclesiae Occidentalis Monumenta Iuris Antiquissima" (Oxford University Press) were reviewed in these columns upon the appearance of this work in 1899 and 1908. Its aim is nothing less than to publish all existing Latin translations of the acts and canons of the Greek councils, as well as other matter incidentally pertinent. We now have two more fascicles, the first containing various appendices relating to the Council of Nicæa; one is devoted to the Council of Pope Damasus, one to some twenty translations of the Nicene creed, and another to two commentaries on this creed, the first of which, written about 380 A. D., has never been published before. The learned author includes also a text of the fragments of the Apostolic Constitutions and Canons which he was fortunate enough to discover in a sixth century manuscript at Verona; the Latin version here contained is perhaps as early as the fourth century, and is of use in reconstructing the original Greek. The second fascicle comprises the acts of the Councils of Gangra and Antioch. The editing is done with utmost care on the basis of the best manuscript sources. There are notes of paleographical interest and indices of words and locutions which illustrate the Latinity of the documents here published.

The adventures of Marie de Rohan are so fundamentally romantic that they rather gain than lose in being presented by the austere historic method, heavily documented, shorn of impossible coincidences, and permitted to exhibit the inconclusiveness of real life ("The Duchesse de Chevreuse," by Louis Battifol; Dodd, Mead; $3 net). Victor Cousin's classical life of the duchess did not draw upon all the available documents, nor did it make the most intelligent use of those cited. Cousin, in fact, whitewashed his subject. M. Battifol, on the other hand, is concerned only to give us all the data. Incidentally, of course, the age of which the lady was so typical a pa is shown us too, the amazing age of Richelieu and Mazarin and Anne of Austria. It will, however, seem to many that old acquaintance has been forgot when Anne meets the Duke of Buckingham without the intervention of M. d'Artagnan and when Mme. de Chevreuse runs about the country in manly dress without a fateful meeting with Athos.

"The Gods of India," by the Rev. E. Osborn Martin (Dutton; $1.50 net), supplies a need long felt by those interested in the various myths and legends surrounding the Hindu pantheon, and its chief recommendation lies in the direct record kept by the author during a period of thirteen years' service in India as a Wesleyan missionary. Books of this nature frequently defeat their ends by affording peripatetic, and even studious, writers the radiant opportunity for interpretation and easy generalization, and the results, often confusing and incongruous, do not always reflect credit on the tenuous claims of the authors as ethnologists. In India, above all other Oriental countries of to-day, the perpetual flux of religious and political ideas makes especially difficult the final analysis and identification of many long-accepted and sanctified myths. In the outlying peasant villages many amazing transformations and modifications are continually in process, and the task awaits a scholar of classifying these changes, especially where types of Hindu and Mohammedan culture, by constant attrition, have adopted and assimilated from each other. Mr. Martin's classification is admirable, a tribute to his long experience, and especially to his powers of selection. Into the three divisions of the Vedic, Purānic, and Inferior Deities he has grouped only those gods that have survived this process of change. Of the Inferior deities, whose numbers are legion and whose origin, history, and worship still remain unwritten, Mr. Martin has selected only those that can be strung on a tangible mythological thread. The author does not pretend to the rôle of a strict historian; his book is a manual that is suitable

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for popular consumption. The illustrations might have included more photographs of actual shrines and idols; for, as even the casual tourist remembers, throughout India the enterprising German lithographer has made popular to the Hindu worshipper gaudy, ill-conceived, and bowdlerized versions of his myths: a few of the author's collection, through no fault of his, since doubtless they are the only ones available, betray a brummagem chiaroscuro.

Since the review in the *Nation* of July 13, last year, of J. A. Herbert's "Catalogue of Romances in the Department of Manuscripts in the British Museum," Vol. III, London, 1910, two other works of value for mediæval *exempla,* or illustrative stories for the use of preachers, have been published. The first, consisting of a selection of *exempla* from mediæval manuscripts, by Joseph Klapper, was published in Hilka's "Sammlung mittellateinischer Texte," II, Heidelberg, 1911. This collection of 115 stories contains many interesting parallels to well-known stories, some of which, like the Don Juan legend, had not been found previously in *exempla.* The second work, just published, is far more interesting. As long ago as 1890, Professor Crane, in his edition of the *exempla* of Jacques de Vitry, called attention to a manuscript (Add. 11284) in the British Museum, containing nearly six hundred illustrative stories for the use of preachers, arranged in alphabetical order. This manuscript was generally known as "Thoms's MS.," from the last owner, the distinguished antiquary W. J. Thoms. Professor Crane mentioned other manuscripts containing this collection, and gave the stories found also in Jacques de Vitry, but overlooked the fact that the collection was one that had been attributed to John of Hoveden (who died in 1272 or 1273), and known as the "Speculum Laicorum." Mr Herbert in his "Catalogue" (pp. 370-414) examines the question of Hoveden's authorship, and gives an analysis of the 579 *exempla* in MS. 11284. Mr. Herbert's conclusion as to the authorship is that it is not absolutely impossible that Hoveden may have been the author, but more than this cannot be said in the absence of further evidence to support Bale's attribution. It seems fair to conclude that the author of the work was an English cleric, and that it was written certainly after (and probably not very long after) the death of Henry in 1272. A few of the stories were printed while Mr. Thoms owned the manuscript, but the great mass of tales of considerable interest and value for the history of culture in England in the thirteenth century were unknown until Mr. Herbert's analysis.

It is not altogether creditable to English and American scholars that this manuscript should have had to find an editor and publisher in France, but such is the case, and it has just been printed under the title: "Thesaurus Exemplorum. Fascicule V. Le Speculum Laicorum. Edition d'une collection d'exempla, composée en Angleterre à la fin du XIIIe siècle," par J. Th. Welter, élève diplomé du Collège libre des Sciences Sociales (Paris: Auguste Picard). M. Welter has produced an admirable piece of work which entitles him at once to high rank in this field, and assures him the gratitude of all scholars of mediæval Latin literature. It is impossible to enter into details in this brief note, but it may be said that the editor has examined carefully all the known manuscripts of the "Speculum Laicorum" and reprinted (with certain omissions) the MS. 11284. The editor denies the authorship of Hoveden, and attributes the work to some member of one of the Mendicant Orders.

The original work is arranged alphabetically under eighty-seven topics, each containing a definition and theological exposition, with citations of various authorities and finally *exempla* of illustrative stories. The editor has omitted the purely theological portions and also the *exempla* borrowed from such well-known works as the "Vitæ Patrum," Gregory's "Dialogues," etc. Such stories are, however, briefly mentioned, and references to where they may be found are given in the *Notes et indications des sources,* pp. 113-153. The student has therefore before him practically the entire collection, with all the stories of interest printed at length. M. Welter has added enormously to the value of his edition by his introduction, comparative tables, and notes indicating sources and, sometimes, later derivative stories. It is to be hoped that he may be encouraged to print before long the *exempla* of Etienne de Bourbon (in MS. 15970 of the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris) and ultimately the best perhaps of all the collections of *exempla,* from a literary standpoint, the "Alphabetum Narrationum," of which an English translation was printed some years ago by the Early English Text Society, under the title "An Alphabet of Tales," edited by Mrs. M. M. Banks, 1904-5.

"L'histoire en France depuis cent ans," by Prof. L. Halphen, of the University of Bordeaux, is a concise and clear account of what has been preëminently an age of historical study in a country where this movement has been very strongly marked. In contrast to the treatment of French historiography in the recent books of Gooch and Fueter, M. Halphen deals with tendencies more than with individual historians, and analyzes with skill and exactness the alternating periods of detailed study and synthetic effort which characterize the great advance of historical knowledge in the nineteenth century. Those whose knowledge of French historians is limited to writers of the type of Guizot, Michelet, Renan, and Taine have much to learn from the author's description of the growth of special investigation and the widening of the field of history in recent years. The recognition of the indebtedness of France to German scholarship is generous and just, but one can see from M. Halphen's own work how it was possible to import the German critical method without losing clarity and proportion, and without adopting the chauvinism and declamatory tone which have disfigured too much of the historical writing beyond the Rhine.

To the Oxford edition of standard works is added Hans Christian Andersen's "Fairy Tales and Other Stories" (50 cents net). Some of these are here for the first time translated into English. Those not specially translated for this edition have been revised, both revision and translation being done by Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Craigie. The arrangement follows that of the standard Danish edition, in which the tales appear mainly in the order in which they were originally written or published. The volume, which runs to 650 pages, has fifty-six wood-cuts.

Science

THE GROWTH OF MEDICINE FROM ANCIENT TO MODERN DAYS.

An Introduction to the History of Medicine. With Medical Chronology, Bibliographic Data, and Test Questions. By Fielding H. Garrison. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co. Cloth, $6 net.

Dr. Garrison's History of Medicine—frankly an outline—gives a connected, logical account of the development of our present substantial knowledge of medicine, and of the individuals concerned in the discoveries upon which this knowledge is based, while, at the same time, it emphasizes the bearing of these advances upon human progress and the general welfare of mankind. Though intended primarily for practitioners and students of medicine, the clear and concise treatment of facts and progress and the interesting method of telling the story render the volume of great value to the non-medical reader who either seeks specific information or desires to become familiar with the influence of medicine as a factor in promoting human happiness and the higher forms of human endeavor.

In the opening chapter is sketched the identity of all forms of ancient and primitive medicine, and it is shown that all phases of "folk-medicine," as is true of folklore, "have been essentially alike in tendency, differing only in unimportant details"—in each case "an affair of charms and spells, plant-lore, and psychotherapy, to stave off the effects of supernatural agencies." The development is traced of a simple pharmacopœia of herbs by primitive man, who sought, when sick, certain herbs and grasses, and of a simple surgery based on the use of crude flint instruments in the letting of blood, the opening of abscesses, scarification, trephining, and ritual operations, such as circumcision. The larger part of the chapter, however, is devoted to a discussion of superstitions, myths, and charms, and the influence of the persistence of a belief in these, in a modified form, upon the popular view of medicine to-day; a view which, in the author's opinion, can be changed only through the kind of public enlightenment which teaches that prevention is better than cure.

Ancient medicine is covered in three chapters, which deal respectively with Egyptian, Sumerian and Oriental, and Greek medicine (to A. D. 476), and following these are chapters embracing the Byzantine period and the Mohammedan and Jewish periods, bringing the story up to A. D. 1096. The paucity of material and the slow advance of medicine in these periods is shown by the fact that these five chapters are contained in 58 pages. The chapter on Egyptian medicine deals largely with the information obtained from hieroglyphics and the Ebers Papyrus. Under Sumerian and Oriental Medicine are discussed the Biblical diseases, the hygienic regulations of the Hebrews,

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the surgery of the Hindus, and the stationary medicine of the Chinese. Greek medicine is presented in three periods: the early period of the worship of the tutelary divinities of medicine, and the practice of votary offerings centring upon Æsculapius; the classic period, represented in medicine by Hippocrates, who cultivated the power of exact observation as a basis for diagnosis; and finally the Græco-Roman period, the most important figure of which was Galen, the founder of experimental medicine. Following the discussion of Mohammedan medicine come chapters on Mediæval Medicine (1096-1438) and the Renaissance (1438-1600), which, in that they are largely detailed presentations of the cultural and social aspects of medicine during these periods, are of great value to the student of general history. The conditions of education, of general hygiene, the relations of the clergy to medicine and of the barber-surgeons to the physician, the founding of hospitals, and the influence of the great plagues are discussed in an interesting manner. Here also is presented an account of the establishment by Vesalius of anatomy as a living, working science, and of those advances in surgery which are inseparably associated with the name of Ambroïse Paré.

After the discussion of the medicine of the Renaissance, the author continues his story in four chapters devoted respectively to the medicine of the seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries. To these periods is given the bulk of the book, 457 pages, as contrasted with 176 pages devoted to the several thousand years of record preceding the year 1600. Naturally, the largest share falls to the nineteenth century, in which scientific effort in medicine became organized, and therefore more effective.

In the seventeenth century, that of individual scientific effort, the labors of Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, of the post-Vesalian anatomists, and of the early microscopists, are presented, as well as the methods of internal medicine as exemplified by Sydenham. Under Cultural and Social Aspects is a reference also to early American medicine.

The chapter on eighteenth-century medicine is given up largely to a discussion of the theories and systems of that period—largely, now, of interest only as evidence of the insecure basis upon which medicine then rested—but is relieved by accounts of the fundamentally important physiological discoveries of von Haller, Hales, Réaumur, and Hunter; the initial observations in electrophysiology by Galvani, the studies in combustion and respiration by Black, Priestly, and Lavoisier, the introduction by Auenbrugger of percussion as a means of diagnosis of diseases of the chest, the discovery of vaccination by Jenner, and the initial work of Morgagni in pathological anatomy. Despite these isolated brilliant advances, the "tendencies of the age were artificial and theoretic rather than sincere or realistic. This periwigged period is conceded to have been the 'Golden Age,' alike of the successful practitioner and the successful quack."

In opening his chapter on medicine in the nineteenth century, the author presents three factors as of importance in determining the rapid and organized advancement of medical science so characteristic of this period: (1) the industrial or social-democratic movement of civilized mankind which followed the political revolutions in America and France and which intensified the feeling for intellectual liberty and dignified human labor of all kinds; (2) the influence of Hemholtz's and Darwin's publications, which did away with preconceptions that had previously hampered scientific progress, and (3) the rapid advances in physics, chemistry, and biology, which came to be studied as objective laboratory sciences, untrammelled by subjective human prepossessions.

The list of advances in this century, for the most part in the latter half, is too lengthy for comment. The rapid sequence may be shown by naming a few of the more important: Anæsthesia (1847), the cell theory of Schleiden and Schwann (1838-1839), Virchow's theory of cellular pathology (1858), Pasteur's work on fermentation, the specific origin of disease, and the use of vaccines (1857-1885), Lister's antiseptic surgery (1867), the studies in bacteriology, made especially momentous by Koch's discovery of the tubercle bacillus (1882), and the discovery of antitoxin for diphtheria (1890-1894). These are perhaps the best known of the momentous discoveries of the nineteenth century, but at the same time, in physiology, chemistry, pharmacology, medicine, and surgery, other important discoveries were continually made. These are all presented by the author in more or less detail, according to chronological sequence, and are usually accompanied by portraits of the individuals concerned. The presentations are largely biographical, and include every medical worthy of the past century and many still active.

The influence of such advances upon medical education, public hygiene, and military medicine is sketched, as are also the increase in specialties, the growth of medical laboratories, and the founding of large numbers of scientific medical publications.

The book ends with a discussion of work in the present century. In the author's mind the modern tendency of medicine is in the direction noted by Cushing: "Dr. Pound of Cure Lane is being superseded by his young disciple, Dr. Ounce of Prevention Street." The summaries of "cultural and social aspects," which close each of the last six chapters, are of as much interest to the student of history or social relations as to the medical man, and remind one of the summaries found in Traill's "Social England." In an appendix the author presents: (1) A Medical Chronology, (2) A List of the Histories of Medicine, (3) A Medical Bibliography, (4) Histories of Special Subjects, and (5) A List of Test Questions.

Drama

"THE PHANTOM RIVAL."

In this production, which is adapted for the American stage by Leo Ditrichstein from a play by Ferenc Molnar, and presented at his own theatre by Mr. Belasco, we see with pleasure that Richard is himself again. It is perhaps unkind to recall last season's unhappy experiment with "The Man Inside," in the selection and production of which Mr. Belasco showed himself a prey to his own ingenuity, and if we do so it is only to point a contrast. In "The Phantom Rival," Mr. Belasco has out-Belascoed himself; not a trick of the producer and of the stage carpenter is omitted, but the difference is that the present production lends itself admirably to the kind of treatment in which Mr. Belasco excels. This excellence is perhaps not of the highest kind; indeed, were it not for a belief that dramatic standards can be trusted to adjust themselves almost automatically, and that the public itself will insist ultimately on the preservation of some sort of mean, we should entertain grave misgivings as to the healthiness of the Belascan influence on stage production. The importance of the external appurtenances of the drama may well be over-emphasized, as we think that Mr. Belasco does over-emphasize them, to the detriment of the art both of the playwright and of the player; on the other hand, Mr. Belasco's influence on the side of careful as against slovenly production must be gratefully acknowledged. Public opinion may be trusted to preserve the balance.

At all events, "The Phantom Rival," as produced by Mr. Belasco, affords an uncommonly good entertainment. Nor is it by any means without merit for its purely dramatic qualities. The author proposes an interesting thesis—that for women the maxim holds, "Nous revenons toujours à nos premiers amours," that however satisfactory may be a woman's present connubial blessedness there will be times when the image of a former love and the vision of what might have been will obtrude themselves on the picture of domestic felicity; in her mind the early love will become idealized, a figure of heroic proportions, and the excellent, but prosaic, husband and father must inevitably suffer by comparison with the phantom rival.

This idea is cleverly worked out in Mr. Molnar's play, the author adopting for its development the machinery of a dream, often used before, and with notable success in recent years in "The Message from Mars." And, as was the case with that production, the success of its use in the present instance is owing to the fact that the dream episodes follow logically the sequence of the play and are interwoven into the texture of it. Louise Marshall is the woman, and by way of heightening the effect, the author endows her husband, Frank, with an abominably jealous disposition. In the first act, which takes place in a restaurant and which is worthy of note for the absolute fidelity of the setting, the thesis of the play is propounded in a discussion between two characters, an author (Frank Westerton) and an actor (Lee Millar), who after this scene have little to do. The Marshalls appear, and man and wife quarrel violently throughout dinner, the quarrel being started by the unjustifiable jealousy of the former, which reaches its climax when a stranger enters, and Mrs. Marshall acknowl-

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edges his bow. The stranger, it appears, is a Russian, Sascha Taticheff, whom Mrs. Marshall knew as a girl and with whom she had an incipient love affair.

This scene and the subsequent one in the second act, in the Marshalls' home, where the quarrel is continued, are amusing, but drawn out at too great length. Finally, the husband reads a letter written to Mrs. Marshall years before, when the young Russian was recalled to his native land to serve as a soldier. He will, he protests, return to her covered with glory, a great soldier, a great statesman, or a great musician, or even if he shall return in rags, a failure, he will still love her—and the bombast of the epistle amuses the husband and sets his mind at rest. Here is the irony, for in point of fact the sole real cause for jealousy that he might have is the wife's memory of this early hero and her vision of the fulfilment of his bombastic promises. Before dressing to go to a ball, at which the husband expects to settle a large business deal with a high Russian official, the wife dozes in a chair, and in her dream we see her reunion with Sascha in the various guises suggested by his letter. For the mechanical perfection of the arrangement of the dream scenes no praise can be too high, and the acting of Miss Laura Hope Crews in these very difficult scenes is a clever and finished piece of work.

The amusing third act preserves the continuity of time and reveals the Marshalls ready to start for the ball. Sascha is introduced as the emissary of the high Russian official, bringing with him the papers necessary for the settlement of the business transaction. This early lover, whom we have seen in various romantic guises in the dream, turns out to be an exceedingly commonplace young man, owing his present position to the benevolence of a wealthy uncle, and displaying an unromantic interest in the excellent liqueurs with which he is refreshed. So the phantom rival is laid low, and the worthy husband and father enters into undisputed possession of his wife's affections.

The play is cleverly executed and affords Mr. Belasco a rare opportunity for the exercise of his ingenuity as a producer. The cast is, with one exception, excellent. Mr. Ditrichstein's Sascha Taticheff is a smooth and easy performance. In the dream scenes he is less at home impersonating the general and the statesman than in the more familiar character parts of the musician and the beggar. Malcolm Williams gives a good general performance as the husband, but displays a tendency to overact in the first act. John Bedouin's agile interpretation of the part of a society dame's secretary is amusing. S. W.

"THE MONEY MAKERS."

Mr. Charles Klein's latest drama, "The Money Makers," which is presented at the Booth Theatre, will add little to his reputation. For the atmosphere in which the story unfolds is much the same as that which he made familiar in "The Third Degree" and "The Lion and the Mouse"—the selfishness of greed confronted by generous impulses or by distress of its own making; and the central character is the usual captain of industry who has made a fortune by corrupt practices. Only in the present case the capitalist is the first to see the light, his own conscience being his sole accuser. One was prepared, of course, for a daughter made sensitive about her father's methods by a lover absorbed in social reform. Instead, we have a daughter and two sons greatly alarmed by the first signs of a better course exhibited by their father, and prepared to thwart his purposes by "railroading" him to an asylum.

The surrounding characters, with the exception of the wife, may be dismissed out of hand; they are manifestly so many stage devices designed merely to promote the action and showing small resemblance to human beings. But the father himself is soundly imagined. James Rodman, suffering from a serious breakdown due to overwork, sees in his children only parasites, waiting for him to die, and in his young second wife a woman still in love with the young man whom, save for opposition, she would have married. He is revolted by the emptiness of his achievements, and there and then determines to get well in order to make restitution to those whom he has ruthlessly crushed, and thereby to obtain peace of mind. As might be expected, he is the masterful man that Mr. Klein would have him be, and as portrayed by Emmet Corrigan, presented an admirable figure, his back against the wall, fighting for righteousness. That in the end his nobility of spirit wins the love of his wife and the respect of his children is a matter of course.

Technically, the play is open to grave criticism. It is surprising, for instance, that a writer of Mr. Klein's experience should be so careless about entrances and exits. Persons come and go as they are needed, little regard being paid to probability. They remind one by their arbitrariness of the excuses for songs and dances employed in musical comedy: Somebody lets fall the word "gasolene," and forthwith the orchestra strikes up a song recounting Mr. Smith's adventures in a touring car. Mr. Klein has not thought it necessary to use the old standby: "and here he comes." F.

"EVIDENCE."

The main advantage of a dramatic prologue is that it relieves the first act of cumbersome exposition and that it visualizes for an audience important antecedent conditions. But it has the disadvantage of necessary brevity, which is apt to turn what might be a truly tragic scene into melodrama. In the prologue of "Evidence," by J. and L. Du Rocher Macpherson, now on exhibition at the Lyric Theatre, it is the disadvantage which most strikes one. One dislikes, for instance, to see a woman of the sterling qualities of Lady Una Wimborne placed in a most compromising situation without a gradual preparation for it. It matters little that she is trapped, plausibly enough, into going alone one evening to the rooms of a former lover who is a villain. Dramatically speaking, the scene is undignified.

With this allowance made, "Evidence" is a play of some power. When the first act opens, Cyril Wimborne has been living alone with his small boy, having obtained a divorce from Lady Una seven years before. But such is the impression which this lady has made upon her friends that several of them, believing her innocent, have been putting their heads together in order to bring about a reconciliation. Her name would have been cleared long ago if the dying confession of the villain had not fallen into the hands of another lover who has hopes of winning her love. This is sensed by the audience early in the play, and it is only a question how long lover number two will guard the secret. That he does remain silent for a considerable time furnishes a fat opportunity for the boy, who has seen his mother in the park and taken her for a fairy princess. Naturally his prattle about her to his father offers a strong assault upon the latter's bulwark of pride and cynicism, and thus prevents the final scene from being one of too sudden surprise. There is also a domineering duchess of the old school, Lady Una's grandmother, who takes a hand in putting things to rights. The Duchess of Gillingham, as played by Miss Haidee Wright, is an attractive rôle, partly because of the smart lines which are hers, but, quite as much, probably, because she recalls a pleasant stage tradition.

The play, in the main, was well acted. But Miss Viva Birkett, despite moments of manifest ability, lacked the grace and charm expected of the part. The representation of "Bing" by Master Reggie Sheffield, was a quite remarkable piece of work for a child under fourteen. Yet it was pretty clear that he had learned his intonation from a woman; only a few times did he fall into a truly boyish tone of voice. C. Aubrey Smith's Cyril Wimborne was a finished performance, showing a pleasing combination of depth and restraint.

F.

"MY LADY'S DRESS."

Inspired by his success in taking liberties with the unities in "Milestones," Edward Knoblauch, in his latest play, "My Lady's Dress," presented at The Playhouse, throws all constraint to the winds and gives us an ingeniously contrived production which is enjoyable only if one refuses to regard it as a play. As in "The Phantom Rival," the action is developed by means of a series of dream scenes, but in contrast with that production, here we have no continuity in the scenes and no unity either of time or of action. "My Lady's Dress" is, in fact, a series of isolated one-act plays, absolutely unconnected one with another, save for the purely artificial link that they are all supposed to deal with some process that goes to the manufacture of what any self-respecting sartorial artist terms a "creation."

It is, therefore, as a series of individual sketches that the scenes in "My Lady's Dress" should properly be criticised. Since, however, Mr. Knoblauch has elected to link them together into the form of a play, he invites criticism of his methods. These are arbitrary and artificial. What plot there is in the main play is as tenuous as the garment around which it is spun. A husband and wife have a slight dispute over the price of a dress, which is designed to bring about the capitulation of an elderly but influential roué, to the end that the husband shall secure an enviable appointment. A little cheap socialistic talk by the husband introduces the subject of the various processes which have gone to the making of the garment. Then the wife goes to sleep, and in her dream we see the processes in operation. The connection is slight enough, and on the mechanical side the management of the scenes in the dream leaves something to be desired. The kinematograph arrangement, for instance, showing clouds vaguely floating across a screen, which marks the transition to the dream stage and again from that to the waking, is by no means impressive, and the incidental music should certainly have been supplied by a string orchestra.

The individual playlets are, as might be

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expected, unequal in merit, but as a *tour de force*, Mr. Knoblauch's achievement must be recognized as a somewhat remarkable one. Taken by themselves, the scenes are generally well constructed, and some of them possess a good deal of dramatic interest. They present in turn the care of the silk worms in Italy; the weaving of the silk at Lyons; the manufacture of lace in Holland; the making of artificial flowers in Whitechapel; the trapping of animals for their fur in Siberia, and the establishment of a fashionable costumier in the West End of London. The principal characters in each scene are taken by Leon Quatermaine and Miss Mary Boland. The former is an experienced actor of great versatility, and much of the success which the production is likely to command will be attributable to his excellent impersonations of the various characters. Miss Boland is pleasing in some of the scenes, but does not possess the versatility, or, we should say, the training necessary to the successful rendering of a number of diverse rôles. S. W.

The purpose of Dr. C. V. Boyer's "The Villain as Hero in Elizabethan Tragedy" (Dutton; $2 net) is well indicated in the title. His thesis is that Machiavellian villain-heroes were established by Marlowe in Tamburlaine and Barabas, that they at once became popular and ran a long course on the stage. "The ambitious type may be traced through Richard III, the perfect Machiavellian, through Macbeth, who is no Machiavellian at all, to Catiline, in whom Machiavellian traits are noticeable once more." The revengeful type appears most clearly in some seven plays. These conclusions, it will be observed, rest on Meyer's notable study of the influence of Machiavelli and Professor Thorndike's paper on the now accepted series of "revenge plays" that culminated in "Hamlet." The revengeful type of villain-hero is pretty well made out, and for an obvious reason. The playwrights who tried to satisfy the demand for tragedy with revenge as the eternal motive naturally imitated, not merely plot, scenes, and situations, but likewise types of character. Dr. Boyer, however, by leaving out of account all matters but portrayal of character, gives an inverted view of the development. What to all appearances those writers were primarily interested in was to produce a play of a particular kind that was very successful, not to vary the chief character that figured therein. The account of the ambitious villain-hero is likely to be even more misleading. Richard III, to be sure, has for more than a generation been recognized as a rôle created under the influence of Marlowe. But that Macbeth is due to that influence is a grotesque thought. Indeed, Dr. Boyer is careful not to lay stress on such a relation, contenting himself with an effort to bring Macbeth within his definition of villain-hero. Catiline is just as obviously not an imitation of Richard or Tamburlaine. All the antecedent probabilities favor the supposition that Jonson was influenced by the vogue of Roman plays in the preceding three or four years. All the positive evidence indicates that he drew Catiline with an eye on Sallust and Cicero rather than on Machiavelli or the sensational popular successes of a score of years before. The distinctive feature of Dr. Boyer's treatment is his interest in the academic question of how well these various romantically conceived figures measure up to Aristotle's classic standard for the tragic hero.

Music

FAITH UNFAITHFUL.

Wagner as Man and Artist. By Ernest Newman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

When it was announced that the eminent English critic, Ernest Newman, had written his third book on Wagner, it was hoped that it would prove to be the complete biography, "incorporating all the material that the last ten years have placed at our disposal," which, as he says in the preface to his latest volume, "is urgently needed." But he modestly declares that even if he had felt qualified to write such a biography, he would have "shrunk appalled from the magnitude of the task." Probably no man of genius ever left so much material as Wagner did for his biographers. Of his letters alone some 2,700 had already been printed when Mr. Newman wrote this volume, and 2,000 more were to be added to a new edition of his correspondence. Without waiting to see these, he thought it justifiable now to attempt—what was impossible until the publication of the Autobiography in 1911—"a complete and impartial psychological estimate of him."

If Mr. Newman really thinks he has given his readers a complete and impartial estimate of Wagner as a man, it must be said frankly that he has failed lamentably. It is ridiculous to maintain, as another English author has done, that Wagner's character was flawless. From the many pages of Glasenapp's official biography one gets the impression that he was almost an angel, and many other writers have treated him as a demigod. That Wagner was human—often very human, and sometimes inhuman—he himself made clear in his Autobiography, which, indeed, contains the unkindest things ever said about him. But he was very far indeed from being the petty, selfish, heartless, arrogant, ignoble person he must appear to readers of Mr. Newman's book who have not seen the other side of the shield.

Doubtless, Mr. Newman did not really mean to convey this impression. There is every reason to believe that he merely intended to present the other side of the question, against Ellis and the others who have deified Wagner as a man; but he failed to remember that his readers would not all be, as he was, fresh from a perusal of the brief for Wagner and would therefore get an altogether one-sided view of the case from his elaborate indictment. He comes to the rescue of Wagner's first wife in a way far more unfair to him than Ellis's treatment is to her. He devotes no fewer than eleven pages to the Mme. Laussot affair; he fails to convey a correct impression of the Lachner and Hanslick episodes; he places a childish credence in the silly Hornstein stories and other tittle-tattle current among Wagner's enemies. One of the stories the reader is asked to believe is that Wagner invited some friends to dinner, and not only kept all the wine for himself, but sneeringly intimated to the others that if they wanted any, they might do as he did and buy it at the nearest restaurant!—this of the same Wagner who on other pages is represented, and justly so, as the most lavish and reckless of givers and entertainers!

More than a hundred and forty pages are devoted by Mr. Newman to an exposition of the foibles, real or alleged, of Wagner, and only here and there do we get a glimpse of his kind heart and the nobility of his character, which asserted itself whenever he was not treated like a Hun, and which culminated in his unswerving allegiance to the highest ideals in art, when he might have easily made the fortune he so much desired by neglecting these principles. His bitterest enemy, Dr. Hanslick, was struck by the fact that "he exercised an incomprehensible magic in order to make friends and to retain them." And Nietzsche, even after the estrangement, wrote: "I declare Wagner to have been the greatest benefactor of my life," and that, of all his experiences, the days spent with Wagner were those he would not have blotted from his life "at any price."

Incidentally, Mr. Newman remarks that "we smile now at the stories told of Beethoven's grossness and ill-breeding." Why not smile also at Wagner's peccadillos, instead of devoting half a volume to them? The question is all the more pertinent because a careful study of the facts in many cases puts things in quite a different light from that in which Mr. Newman presents them. Thus, he dwells repeatedly—and quite properly—on the fact that Wagner was a "professional borrower," but fails to note that whenever it was possible he paid his debts. Only a few months ago, the well-known Hungarian author, Ludwig Karpath, issued a brochure entitled "Wagner der Schuldenmacher," in which proofs are adduced that he did ultimately pay for the luxuries he had bought with borrowed money. In commenting on this pamphlet the eminent Berlin critic, Dr. Leopold Schmidt, makes some remarks which Mr. Newman would do well to ponder before he writes his fourth book on Wagner, ten years hence, as he intimates he may, the subject being "inexhaustible." It is well to know the truth, says Dr. Schmidt, but is it not a matter of superlative unimportance whether or not the man who created "Tristan" paid his debts? Even if he hadn't, "the world would still be his debtor." "We are nevertheless grateful to Herr Karpath for throwing a pleasant light on this Wagner tattle, in contrast to those who manifest their interest in a great man solely by an indelicate curiosity and spiteful attempts to belittle."

It is much to be regretted that Mr. Newman has so signally failed in his attempt to paint Wagner as Man, because his presentment of Wagner as Artist is one of the very best that has been made in any language. It is far superior to his own "A Study of Wagner," which, though thoughtful and suggestive, is marred here and there

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by an inability to sound the depths of Wagner's genius. Little of this is left in the new volume. Greater familiarity with Wagner's works has bred increased enthusiasm for them and caused some fancied defects to disappear. The author frequently indulges in outbursts that sound like rhapsodies. Concerning "Siegfried," for instance, the wonders of which the general public has not yet discovered, he writes:

> There is an absolute exultation of style; the music seems to dance and cry aloud out of pure joy in its own strength and beauty. . . . In sheer fertility of idea Wagner was probably the greatest musician the world has ever seen. . . . Wagner's is the only imagination in music that can be compared with Shakespeare's in dramatic fertility and comprehensiveness. It pours itself over the whole surface of a work, into every nook and cranny of it.

In proof of these assertions, Mr. Newman points out many details in the operas, from the earliest to the latest. He takes it for granted that the reader is familiar with these works, wherefore he does not tell their plots or analyze the music systematically. This leaves him plenty of space for comments on significant details. Even the best-informed readers will gather new knowledge, while marvelling that this eminent English critic has been able to find so many new things to say about works concerning which whole shelves of books and tons of periodical literature have been written. Every opera-goer will find increased enjoyment if, before attending "Rheingold" or "Parsifal," or any of the other works, he will read what Mr. Newman has said about them in this volume. It will teach him how to admire understandingly and with critical discrimination.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Wilhelm Ganz, whose death was recently announced, was engaged by Jenny Lind as accompanist during her tour in England and Scotland in 1856, and for many years he was associated with Adelina Patti in a similar capacity. She often sang his song, "Dear Bird of Winter." His "Sing, Sweet Bird" frequently was in the programmes of Parepa Rosa, and Melba sang it at her début. For more than half a century Ganz gave concerts during each London season, and he was much in demand in the highest aristocratic circles as teacher and coach. He was also prominent as an orchestral conductor. As such he had the honor of being the first to produce in England Liszt's "Dante" symphony, as well as Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique." Among the artists who made their first appearance in England at the concerts in question were Madame Sofie Menter, Madame Essipoff, Dr. Camille Saint-Saëns, and Mr. Wladimir de Pachmann. In 1871 Wilhelm Ganz was appointed grand organist of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons, this entitling him to wear the "purple and gold" at all masonic meetings. The German Emperor decorated him with the Order of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. For many years he was one of the professors at the Guildhall School of Music. Towards the close of 1913 Ganz issued his "Memories of a Musician," a book full of anecdote and amiable and amusing record of adventure in the concert-room and elsewhere.

Art

GOYA AND HIS ART.

By FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

PART TWO.

IV.

The period of Goya's greatness as a painter, coincides with one of extreme disaster for Spain, the eve and midnight of the Napoleonic wars. He found inspiration alike in the imbecility of his Bourbon patrons, and in the rough heroism of such partisan captains as Juan Martin, solace in the soft comeliness of the Madrilenas and in the more accentuated charms of the actresses of the day. In his decorations for the Church of San Antonio de la Florida his audacious imputation of carnality to the saints and the very angels reaches its height. He had arrived at a fame to which everything was permitted. His portraits from 1795 for fifteen years have the old aggressive accent, but carry themselves with more composure and assurance. To enumerate the best is impossible. Typical examples of his successful portraiture of women are the stiffly posed but vital group of the Countess of Montijo and her four daughters in the Liria Palace, Madrid, a palpitating complex of warm and amiable femininity; the petulant Bookseller of the Calle de las Carretas; the self-confident effigy of the actress, La Tirana, somewhat stolidly facing the footlights, and recently, at an international dealer's, a seated portrait of a plump and powdered beauty looking out with due complacency over spreading flounces of loveliest peachy hue and lightness—these are pure Goya. Among male portraits of highest excellence are the arrogant, potent, fleshly face of the toreador Costillares, Goya's predecessor, rumor insisted, in the graces of the Duchess of Alba; the austere and somewhat shrinking figure of the poet Moratin; the ardent, hirsute mask of the patriot Juan Martin; the hawk-like sketch of Arthur Wellesley. These are startling, perturbing, impressive visions—salient, casual, yet significant documents rudely torn from life's book. The artistry is greater than before, but still not the finest; the accent of civilization is neither sought for nor attained.

Goya was after all more than half a caricaturist and illustrator. His power in the latter capacity may best be felt in The Episode of the 2d of May with which our survey began. His position as a painter in the narrower sense may perhaps most readily be ascertained from a study of the two Mayas and of The Family Group of Charles IV. Thus a few steps in the Prado will inform one, not concerning his diabolism and the vast variety of his invention, but at least as to the pieces which may most fairly meet the inevitable comparison with similar work of the great masters.

That the two Mayas were done from the pretty Duchess is not certain. They may simply be, like many later works, reminiscent of her charms. Indeed, it is hard to reconcile their customary date, 1799, with her being the sitter. Yet, when it is recalled that she owned the famous Venus of Velasquez, it was natural enough that she should wish to have similarly commemorated her own certainly not inferior graces. She and the Venus are in any case the starting point for the Mayas, and chronology must reconcile itself with that fact. The Maya Nude, rosy from top to toe, balanced consciously upon her silvery cushions, feet brought together with bewitchingly natural awkwardness, head abandoned to the hands clasped behind it, yet directed with provocative appeal towards all the world, hips and breasts thrust forward, is a true eighteenth-century Astarte. In comparison with her, the half pagan nudities of the *école galante* are ineffectual; only Fragonard, and he exceptionally, has so fully spoken the word of the flesh. The painting is of the most featherlike lightness, and only escapes oversweetness from the sharp carnal flavor of the whole. The criticism of such a picture is difficult, involving eventually the more complex issues where art and morals touch. In the sense that a definite emotion pungently expressed radiates from it, it is a masterpiece. Until lately the authorities shut it away in a private room, showing, if a certain lack of æsthetic courage, a perfectly just sense of moral values. Astarte unveiled will always be a perilous spectacle for those who cannot see life quite steadily and whole. It will not commend the picture to moralists that Manet's copy of the Maya Desnuda solaced the last drug-clouded days of Charles Baudelaire, and moralists have, despite much current sophistry, much to say in the matter.

The place of the Nude Maya may best be found by comparing her with other famous nudes. Naturally, the idealism of the Greeks is out of the comparison, but take Titian's Danaë or the Venus Listening to Music in the same gallery, his Bacchante overcome by love and wine, how cosmic, necessary, and noble their animality, after all, is. Velasquez's plebeian Venus has a saving and wholesome athleticism. Manet's Olympe, frankly derivative as she is from the Maya, has more suggestion of life and character apart from her professional utility, and is, I think, more beautifully painted. The Maya is orientally soft and specialized, and symbolizes the least significant aspect of sex, symbolizes it quite superbly.

For the reason given by the legend or otherwise, the fancy took Goya to represent the same model in the same pose, lightly clothed in the white linen breeches and bolero of a Spanish dandy. He bettered the composition a little, bringing the frame nearer the figure, and laying the coquettish form more slashingly athwart the oblong. The actual painting is volatile to frothiness. The tinge of vulgarity in the Nude Maya is

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increased in the clothed version. The glance is more insistent, the effect more seductive. Startling and effective the picture is, but the reservations already made apply in higher degree. The Mayas embody after all just a sportsman's ideal of a fine woman.

The great portrait group of Charles IV and his family is a more serious matter. It enlisted Goya's love of reality, his measured admiration, and an almost surer guarantee of a fine picture, his scorn. It is a group of quite magnificent portraits, the painter's own bulldog face being not the worst, but I cannot regard it as a fine portrait group. The characterization of the individuals is superb, and better modulated than is usual with Goya, who generally imposes his own mood upon all sitters. The domineering turn of the Queen, appropriately the central figure, the sinister stolidity of the King, the skull-like face of an aunt which glowers behind so much frivolous young life, the thoroughly genteel ineptitude of the Crown Prince, the amiable exuberance of the easy-living Luis of Parma and his wife, the precocious sensitiveness of the little Maria Isabella—all this is of Goya's best. The whole thing vividly suggests the Bourbon incapacity either for learning or forgetting. Few pictures are of higher historic significance. Goya spared no pains upon it. Some of his most admirable sketches were made in preparation. Yet the group would barely hold its own with a family group by Sir Joshua, much less by Copley. It breathes an intenser life, but it lacks unconsciousness and ease. The sense of space is weak in it, as it often is with Goya, the atmosphere is torrid and unbreathable, the color, however varied, is in appearance tarnished. The royal figures have the defect of standing rather awkwardly in unharmonized poses. It is plain that he who greatly values arrangement, style, harmony, mind in painting, will think this impressive canvas less than a great masterpiece. He who sets no store by style, but wants merely trenchant notation of casual appearance, way well find his æsthetic law and gospels in the Charles IV and his Family. All insurgents against the tradition of the Renaissance have naturally found their warrant in what, if it be not Goya's masterpiece, at least contains within a single frame a number of masterpieces of drastic portraiture.

The early years of the new century were Goya's heroic period, full of disaster for himself and for Spain. In 1804, his fifty-eighth year, his wife died. Most of his intimates were taken away about the same time. Doubly isolated by bereavement and deafness, he continued as court painter of the treacherous Ferdinand VII, who in 1808 ousted his incompetent father. Napoleon's armies had already overrun the Peninsula, which had reacted in the most bitter and heroic of partisan insurgency. When the old King was taken away by the French, May 2, 1808, Madrid rose in patriotic if illogical revolt. Murat hurled his Mamelukes through the unarmed mob, and the day closed in massacre and the rattle of firing squads before whom the captives were pushed indiscriminately. A few days later a deaf old man made a strange exhibition before a crowd of idlers. Dipping his handkerchief in the mud of the gutter, he sketched on a wall the turbaned horsemen riding down Spanish men and women armed only with the national knife. Whether this was a taunt or a compliment, the sketcher in mud did not say. It is more important to note that it was the first idea for the great canvas now in the Prado. It is a weltering, confused, and ferocious work, overpowering but less significant than its companion piece, The Military Execution by the French, which is of steel-like clarity. Late in the year began the terrible siege which ended in the sacking of his native Zaragoza. He visited the smoking ruins, just escaping being shot as a spy on the way. He painted the portrait of the alien King Joseph Bonaparte, and, under orders, selected the pictures to be seized by the conquerors. He absolved the ungrateful commission like a patriot, helping select fifty that would hardly be missed.

The trip to Zaragoza had burned in certain pictures of a ravaged country, and when in failing health, Goya once more forsook the brush for the etching needle, these impressions took form in the eighty-two plates, which were published in 1863, long after his death, by the Academy of San Fernando. There never was an album less academic than "Los Desastros de la Guerra." It is an unsparing record of actual butchery and rapine. Even in Napoleonic times, which accepted such spectacles as matter of common experience, Goya only dared circulate a few proofs. The reek of the human garbage heap is revealed with an emphasis horrible, yet wholly true, and the actual portrait of clotted bodies with lopped-off limbs, of bawling humans staggering out from under burning rafters, of virgins dragged away by sweating ravishers—the sufficient horror of all this is enhanced by a sense of overruling malignity, of a world delivered over to the vilest and most destructive passions. The "Desastros" is a raw and throbbing bit of life in its basest manifestation, in its least human aspect. When I saw and smelt overturned Messina, I verified the outer veracity of Goya's picture, but there was dignity in the impersonal awfulness of the catastrophe. Dignity there could not be in the "Desastros de la Guerra." It is an inferno of the most truthful sordidness. Such a work is profoundly moral or wholly revolting or both, as you choose to take it. The only critical question that fairly arises, for something more or less than art is involved, is that of the artist's attitude. Was he wholly moved by fierce indignation at the outrage, or did his sinister spirit find also a certain pleasure in the very extravagance of these terrors? The similarity of certain themes and forms in the "Desastros" to the nightmares which he deliberately contrived for the adornment of his suburban home, and presumably for his own delight, suggests that we should not too readily admit the "Desastros" as in intention a peace document.

V.

The "Desastros" was completed in 1813, Goya's sixty-seventh year. The remaining fifteen years form an unexpected peaceful epilogue. He became a detached artist. Painting was on the whole in abeyance in favor of etching, and later, of the new art of lithography. In 1818, on the restoration of the despised Ferdinand, Goya seriously considered leaving Spain. Instead, he retired to the little house on the fickle Manzanares, and with his decorations soon made a kind of witches' kitchen of the new home. A grass-widow second cousin, Leocardia Weiss, became housekeeper, and she brought with her a "niece," Rosario, who lived long enough to comfort the painter's declining days, and developed a certain talent as a miniature painter. In 1815 Goya issued a few copies of the Bull Fights, the "Tauromaquia," in thirty-three plates. It is done with more care than most of his etchings, has undiminished vigor. Rembrandt and the more recent Venetian etchers have been studied to good purpose. Everything considered, this is the most desirable of Goya's albums, though, as the most normal, it is also the least characteristic, and the official edition of 1855, from the Royal Calcografia, is none too good. The twenty-two plates of "Los Proverbios," eighteen of which were published by the Academy in 1850, is in the main merely a sequel to the "Caprichos." Still it contains the highly imaginative and even prophetic design of flying men, which, amplified, is also represented by a superb canvas in an American private collection.

When Goya left Madrid for France in 1824, his seventy-eighth year, he probably had no clearer reason than the discontent of a restless and invalid old age and the absence of any real bonds at home. At the Paris salon of 1824 he saw a far more accomplished application of some of his own theories of painting in the landscapes of Constable and Delacroix's Massacre at Scio. It is of record that he admired the work of the young romantic, and even more that of Baron Gros. Gericault was still the sensation of the hour, and it is strange that Paris paid no especial attention to a genius whose ways it was rapidly, if unconsciously, adopting. Goya soon withdrew to Bordeaux, where, with occasional absences and visits to Spain, he was a diligent and venerable figure in the Spanish colony for his few remaining years. He took up lithography, and did some splendid large plates of bull fights; he invented a short way of doing miniatures by smoking the ivory and rubbing a drop of water about with the thumb, and attended to little Rosario's artistic education. To the impoverished refugees he was a ready benefactor, to his mediocre son Xavier a sagacious counsellor. The turbulent life was to close on a note of ripe-

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ness and wisdom. His feeble health and imprudent wanderings caused much anxiety to his intimates, and, when apoplexy carried him off swiftly, on April 16, 1828, in his eighty-third year, it may have been something of a relief. He was buried in the cemetery of the Chartreuse, and his body lay there undisturbed for sixty years, until Spain reclaimed it in 1888. For a generation before the translation, he had been a spiritual leader among all the insurgents against the academic tradition. Delacroix, Daumier, Manet, Regnault, had done him homage, by word and by imitation. He is to-day, with El Greco, the old master most honored by the emancipated art student.

VI.

His primacy as a forerunner of the anti-academic revolt is merited, not merely by his practice, but by his few recorded opinions. Nature, Rembrandt, and Velasquez—surely an anti-academic trinity—were avowedly his gods. "Always lines and never body," he once protested. "But where do we find these lines in Nature? I can only see masses in light, and masses in shadow, planes which recede, reliefs or backgrounds." Here we have virtually the programme of Couture. Yet he fell short of the modern notion of construction in pure color. His own color is not quite organic, but conceived as light and shade. "In Nature color does not exist any more than line," he told a friend. "There is but the sun and the shadows. Give me a piece of charcoal, and I will make you a picture." Evidently he had advanced only half way towards Manet. His vindication of the artist's freedom of invention, conveyed in a discarded preface to the "Caprichos," allies him to the artistic movements of to-day. Imitation of nature is difficult and admirable, but let us also admire "a method which leaves Nature out of the question and reveals to our eyes forms and movements existing only in the imagination. . . . The artist must be allowed the title of inventor, and ceases to be a mere servile copyist."

This is the modern note. It naturally met opposition from those to whom modernism is anathema. Ruskin in 1872 found a fine copy of the "Caprichos" at F. S. Ellis's, the bookseller's, besought him to burn the accursed thing, and was obeyed. Hamerton visited the Goya exhibition at Paris in 1878, aud hurried home to write that the Spaniard had a foul mind, had risen to notoriety chiefly from his legend as a revolutionist, and delivered the more telling thrust that he was a slovenly and rather incompetent etcher. Both parties, each from its own point of view—the modernists and the authors of "Modern Painters" and "The Intellectual Life"—are right.

We may best reconcile the contradiction by inquiring where lies the value of Goya's work. Surely not in the execution, which is often slack. Goya seldom shows fine arrangement; he cared nothing about it. His draughtsmanship is at times negligent, his color seldom harmonized, and frequently rather hot and stuffy. The value of his work must then lie in the sheer turbulent emotion that begot it, which sometimes contains much that is morally questionable. And this prompts the further inquiry, Where lies the value of art in general?—a question easier to set than to answer. Yet a tentative answer must be essayed unless we are to leave all criticism the mere play of contending temperaments. It will probably be agreed that the creative act—and naturally its appreciation as well—includes two elements, one of expansive impulse and one of restrictive discipline, and that the supreme work of art grows out of a just fusion of these two elements. Artists may be classed as they approach one or the other extreme. In some—Raphael, Vermeer, Velasquez—the discipline is so patent that the impulse may seem weak and defective, but it is there all the same. In others, as Tintoretto and Rembrandt, the impulse is so evident that discipline seems absent, but all the same it is there. Only a few artists, like Rubens and Titian, arrive at a serene balance of the two elements, and the tragedy of some of the noblest works of art, Michelangelo's and the best of Rodin's, lies precisely in the tenseness and instability of the equilibrium between the expansive and restrictive mood.

Whether we should choose for impulse or discipline seems to me an idle issue. Impulse utterly without discipline is mere formless fury or febrile vaporing, while discipline wholly uninformed by impulse is, if conceivable, wholly void and negligible, mere dusty algebra of the mechanical mind.

As for Goya, he plainly belongs pretty far up or down, as you choose to put it, on the side of impulse. There is a minimum of discipline about him. He has the obvious faults of insurgency when untempered by tradition. His eminent literary cogener, Byron—and in many respects Goya is the most Byronic of painters—had more of saving historic sense. His insurgency was more central and less provincial. This is not to say that Goya is not a large and significant figure. He felt tremendously, and this is value. We must beware of considering the artist as a satisfactory ratio. It is true that in the finest art, discipline will carry creation a remove from life, or, rather, will ally it with the more disciplined forms of life. Goya's art is never at this remove. Its lurid orbit swings in the perilous border line where art and raw life meet. This unhallowed limbo has no more distinguished denizen than Francisco Goya, and, because his art arises largely from confusion and revolt, it will always excite; even where it does not satisfy, it will instruct, not on the terms of the balanced artists, but with a hurtling emphasis all its own. In his waiver of civilization he was true to his peasant blood and to his Spanish breeding. He may be regarded merely as an inversion of those seventeenth-century artists who filled Spain with agonized Christs and tortured martyrs. Diabolize one of these early masters, deprive him of the leading of the Church, turn him loose in a disordered and despicable Spain, energize him more highly, and you will have something very like the insolent master of Zaragoza. To produce a central art Spain has never yet attained adequate civilization. Her triumphs are legitimately read in the aristocratic individualism of Velasquez, in the grotesque fantasy of El Greco, in the turbulent emotionalism of Goya. That he was not unworthy of the great predecessors whom he venerated is surely praise enough for him.

Rambling adventures of two enthusiastic collectors are related in Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton's "The Charm of the Antique" (Hearst; $2.50 net). The authors are lucky. They cannot stir on a New England roadside or in a Dutch village without stumbling upon a "museum piece." Even in the new communities of Colorado they hunt the antique successfully. To the friendly offices of a New York janitor they owe an exquisite old Empire table which his wife would have sold for a dollar. In Provincetown an aged sea captain gives away the seat and back of a fine Windsor chair; later, in an Ohio town, they happen on seatless legs that apparently were made for just this colonial example. Without display of erudition these Shackletons tell good stories, the moral of which is that they who think antiques somehow find antiques. One suspects that they underestimate the dangers of the spurious and one wishes that the title of their book were less like that of Walter A. Dyer's "The Lure of the Antique."

Finance

A DRAMATIC CONTRAST.

In an ordinary period, conclusions as to the country's outlook for business activity and prosperity would be largely determined during these early weeks of October. Week before last we had the cotton crop indications; on Wednesday of last week came the grain estimates. In June, a 900,000,000-bushel Government estimate on wheat was received with amazement and incredulity. Wednesday's figure of 892,000,000, which practically fixes the actual yield, is close to the all but incredible June estimate. The same day's other estimates showed this year to have produced the third largest oats crop in our history, the second largest barley crop, the largest rye crop, and the third largest yield of hay. The corn crop's figure is not what was hoped for early in the season, but it is 10 per cent. above last year's actual harvest, and has been exceeded only in two years since the great crop of 1906.

To this attractive agricultural picture the Government estimate on the cotton crop added color. Sometimes the cotton yield runs short in a season of great abundance in the grain belt. But the Government's "October cotton condition figure" on the crop of 1914 was the highest in a decade, on the second largest recorded acreage; and the yield which the trade interpreted from the figures would be second only to the crop of abnormal lucky accidents, in 1911.

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There is no great use in reflecting on what might have been the results of such agricultural achievements, if the Archduke had not been killed at Sarajevo, or Austria had not fixed impossible conditions in her ultimatum to Servia, or the military cabal had not forced the hand of Government at Berlin while England was laboring with all its power for peace. Under normal conditions, such harvests, coming in face of a European shortage, would undoubtedly have meant something like an autumn business boom in America. But since what has happened in Europe since August 1 has happened, the matter of larger interest is, to determine what these events mean under present conditions.

Nobody doubts what the grain crops mean. From the farm community's point of view, there was one real source of apprehension in the otherwise brilliant agricultural outlook last June. It was, that a wheat crop of such wholly unprecedented magnitude, coming in full volume on the market in the autumn, would force down prices, for a good part of the sellers, almost to an unremunerative basis. In fact, the Kansas and Oklahoma farmers were then getting only 65 to 70 cents a bushel, and the Chicago market's price was 77. The war began; Europe bought in enormous quantities; the Chicago market rose continuously to $1.21.

On that rise, the farmer sold at prices which ran at times nearly double what he had feared would be the best figure obtainable. When it is considered that the farmers are selling, at the present exceptionally high prices, supplies which average 16 per cent. more in quantity than in the largest previous harvest, and when grain experts hold that the outside world will probably need every bushel of our surplus wheat this year, the case is clear enough. The benefits which the grain crops would have brought to the agricultural West, without the war, have been immensely enhanced as a result of war.

The contrast in the cotton trade is most dramatic. Our planters will apparently raise 15,000,000 bales. When they raised 16,100,000 in 1911, the export trade took 10,600,000. Normally, other nations would have taken between eight and nine millions from the present season's crop. But nearly one-third of our cotton export, even from the crop of 1911, has usually gone to Germany, and Germany is now cut off from our market. Not a bale has gone to her since August 1, whereas in the three months ending with October, 1913, she took 829,000 bales. Only a few days ago, the first shipment since the war began was made to battle-torn France; in the same three months of 1913, we sent her 464,000 bales. Nor is this all; for England's spinning industry has been so far depressed, as a result of war and disturbed finance, that she took from us, during August and September, 348,000 bales less than in 1913—a decrease of 77 per cent.

If the general ratio of decrease in our exports should continue until next August, the twelvemonth's total exports, instead of, say, 8,000,000 bales, would be barely 800,000. If home use of cotton did not heavily increase, more than 7,000,000 bales of cotton would be left unsold at the season's end. The usual surplus, undisposed of during a cotton year, is a quarter of a million bales.

Thus the war which has created an unhoped-for profitable market for one crop with a bumper year, has for the moment utterly crushed out the market for another. While wheat is our main reliance in creating foreign credits and breaking the deadlock of exchange, the cotton situation is more than offsetting what is thus achieved. The problem is of far larger interest, even than the prosperity of the South. Perhaps the answer to it is, that the recent low range of cotton exports cannot possibly continue; that people must have new garments, war or no war; that the six or eight millions of soldiers in the field must be clothed as well as fed, and that this cannot be done without Europe resorting to heavy purchases of our cotton. In fact, the increase has begun already. In August, we sent less than one-tenth as much as in 1913. Last week's exports were 40 per cent. of a year ago.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Canuck, J. Seeds of Pine. Hodder & Stoughton. $1.25 net.
Cotes, E. His Royal Happiness. Appleton. $1.35 net.
De Veer, W. Battle Royal. Lane. $1.25 net.
Dix, B. M. The Little God Ebisu. Duffield. $1.25 net.
France, A. The Revolt of the Angels. Lane. $1.25 net.
Greene, F. N. One Clear Call. Scribner. $1.35 net.
Hill, A. A. What's He to Me? H. O. Bullard.
Isham, F. S. Nothing but the Truth. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 50 cents net.
Jacobs, W. W. Night Watches. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Parrish, R. The Red Mist. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.
Peterson, M. H. The Commodore. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25 net.
Stacpoole, H. D. The Presentation. Lane. $1.30 net.
Thurston, E. T. Achievement. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Washburn, C. C. Gerald Northrop. Duffield. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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